WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
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Managing Editor

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ONE-HUNDRED-SEVENTEENTH YEAR

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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

Wealth

Current financial gossip (financiers, as they are always dealing in uncertainties, are the greatest gossips in the world) centres around such questions of expediency as the gold standard, the silver standard, the paper standard or regulated currency, bimetallism, selling the pound short, selling the dollar short, selling everything short, and prohibiting short selling.

In view of the widespread confusion, it is well to review the basis of all this speculation, wealth. In a recent issue of the *Annalist*, Walter Renton Ingalls computed the wealth of the United States at approximately four hundred billion dollars. A little more than half of this total was real estate, the balance divided into eight headings: railroads, public utilities, cattle, farm tools, manufacturing machinery, chattels, stocks of goods, and miscellaneous.

Wealth, in other words, consists wholly of tangibles. It is the earth which supports all life, the houses in which we live, the railroads on which we travel, ships, automobiles, machines, chairs, pencils, scrap-baskets, and even toothpicks. It is not stocks, bonds, deeds, contracts, promises, or any other symbols of possession. The standard of symbolism which we use is entirely a matter of expediency, and has no effect whatever on real wealth. We may compute our nation's wealth at four hundred billion gold dollars, eight hundred billion gold dollars, a trillion silver dollars, a billion trillion paper dollars, or at one ruble, without altering our standards or pursuits. A house and a plot of land, as some of us have come to realize, is more useful than a paper profit.

The purpose of the paragraphs above is to try to enable a layman, who does not pretend to understand the intricacies of currency and international exchange, to formulate a sensible investment policy. It is my belief that the possession of real wealth should be the basis of such a plan. In other words, avoid watered securities, inflated currencies, and even gold, which, in a sense, is suffering from inflation. Put your money into land, buildings, equipment for your business or home, and securities (bonds, preferred and common stocks) which represent the possession of real wealth, and which return an adequate income currently earned. When considering the purchase of bond A or stock B analyze not only its earnings record and management policy but the condition and value of its assets. In other words, find out, as far as you can, just how much and what kind of actual property you are acquiring a lien on or title to. Remember that when you are buying a bond you are merely participating in a mortgage and when you are long of a stock you are a partner in an enterprise which owns a factory, utility or transportation system, which certain men have been hired to run or manage. Just how much equity in the plant does your stock certificate convey? When you have determined the book value of your stock, analyze the bookkeeping for the detection of intangible items, such as good-will. Finally, when you have done all of these things, buy securities.

I should not confine security purchases to any one group or class, but rather try for a well rounded portfolio. Common stocks — those which can stand the test outlined above — need no longer be avoided. In fact, in some cases they are preferable to preferreds and bonds. The important thing, I repeat, is the tangible property — its condition and its usefulness — behind the security. The panic in common stocks is the result of their abuse during the bull market days. The public was so avid for common stocks during the bull market that many issues were floated which had little or no tangible property behind them and other sound issues were split up or watered to an unreasonable extent. This

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class of securities will not come back for a long time — until, in fact, a prolonged bull market makes them desirable again — and those who cling to them are playing hope rather than judgment. But their fall has brought sound equities down to an investment basis — for the first time in many years. Even if we go off the gold standard and there is a European or Asiatic war, sound income bearing equities will be salable again at current levels within a reasonable length of time.

Laval

I FIND an interesting analogy between the visit of M. Laval to our shores, and the earlier visit of the Marquis de Lafayette. Laval and Hoover have certain striking points of similarity, just as, at the earlier time, Lafayette and Washington had. The latter were both revolutionaries and, at the same time, both aristocrats. They were the representatives of two great bodies of people working along the same lines toward a new experiment in government.

Laval and Hoover, on the other hand, are both conservatives who have risen from humble origins. The nations which they represent have it in common that they are the dominating units in the world's economy. Their governmental heads are in fact the most powerful political leaders in the world today. Their conversation in Washington, we are told, centred around three subjects, each of world importance — the gold standard, intergovernmental debts, and political peace.

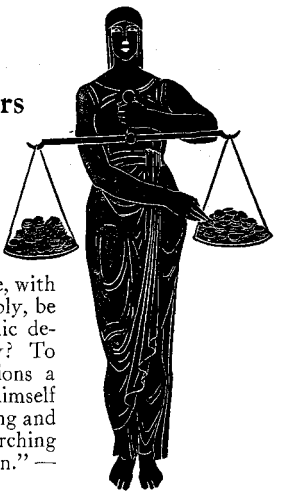
On the first of these subjects, it was agreed that the two nations should make the gold standard workable for each other, which means that the panic-stricken movements of gold are to be stopped by the action of the central banks. It was also agreed that the two nations which have so large a part of the world's supply of monetary gold, must together find the means of reëstablishing monetary stability in other countries.

When it came to the discussion of debts, Mr. Hoover, in my opinion, did a big thing: he showed that he is strong enough to change his policies, first by acknowledging the connection, which we have always denied, between debts and reparations, and then by

YALE

America Weighs Her Gold

By James Harvey Rogers



To what extent is maldistribution of gold responsible for the present world-wide distress? What is the future of the gold standard? Why should we, with half the world's gold supply, be facing the worst economic depression in our history? To these and similar questions a keen economist applies himself in this brilliant, convincing and timely volume. "A searching analysis of the situation." — *New York Times.*

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acknowledging that revision of reparations must take place within the framework of the Young Plan, rather than outside of it as in the moratorium of June. In other words, no further steps to cancel debts will be initiated by us.

Again on the question of disarmament M. Laval appears to have got rather the upper hand, for the statement issued jointly by the two leaders contains practically a flat acceptance of the fundamental French thesis that limitation of armaments must follow and not precede the organization of political security. By political security, France is understood to mean a system of mutual assistance between the major powers with which the United States would be associated in a consultative agreement.

Business

THERE are as yet no signs of improvement in domestic business. The New York *Times* business index continued to decline throughout October. The *Annalist* Indexes of Factory Employment and Payrolls show further decreases in September when they should normally, of course, have shown increases. The chart of building contracts, based on the F. W. Dodge figures, after appearing to improve slightly in September, turned down again in October.

Commodities

THE commodity situation has been more encouraging and is, at the moment, one of the principal sources of hopefulness. It is beginning to be clear that although the farmers failed to learn their lesson last year, they are not going to have to be shown again. Throughout Missouri and other parts of the West, report has it, great numbers of farmers have made up their minds to live off the land until things get better. Instead of planting winter wheat, this autumn, great numbers of them are planting potatoes, beans, corn and so on, food crops for themselves, their families and their cattle. Knowledge of this movement — the only sensible thing for the farmers to do — has been one of the causes of the steadiness of wheat futures in recent markets, and will undoubtedly continue to have a constructive influence during the forthcoming months.

Another factor which has been helping wheat prices is the knowledge, learned from experience, that Soviet crops do not come up to expectations. The crop estimates circulated by the Soviet Government during the summer are evidently based on hopes rather than actualities. The danger, of course, is that we shall get into the habit of underestimating Soviet crops.

Credit

AT THE beginning of October credit conditions in this country had reached the stage of extreme panic. Bond and stock prices were falling precipitately, banks closing their doors by the dozen, investment houses suspending their activities in hordes. There was no end in sight, except the complete collapse of our financial system when on October 3 Mr. Hoover heroically stepped into the breach with a plan perhaps devised by the astute Mr. Mellon. The announcement of the plan to form a National Credit Corporation to extend credit to embarrassed institutions on frozen (but not weak) collateral rallied all markets and, momentarily at any rate, relieved the situation.

It has been rumored that Wall Street did not look upon the plan with unmingled enthusiasm, and that there was some difficulty in securing the services of twelve men of what may be called national standing to form the Board of Directors. It is easy enough, for that matter, to see the bad points of the plan. It is nothing but inflation, pure and simple, and that is the evil spirit which has brought upon us all our woes. No new wealth or earning power has been created. The corporation is merely to extend new credit on the old and worn collateral. Furthermore, if the plan fails, if the Corporation lends to its capacity without stemming the tide of liquidation, the situation will be worse than ever, as was the case when the similar Farm Board failed to peg the price of wheat. The situation today is like that of the speculator who, receiving a margin call after the break in October, 1929, borrowed his wife's securities to put up as additional collateral. If he pulled through, all well and good, but if he was finally wiped out he felt infinitely worse than if he had merely lost his own speculative fund.

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On the other hand we may be near bottom today. Perhaps the last straw will pull us through. I believe the plan was worth trying. It is clear that its immediate effects were most beneficial.

Railroads

THE long awaited Interstate Commerce Commission's answer to the railroads' plea for a fifteen per cent rise in their freight rates was at last announced on October 21. No one expected and few wanted the full fifteen per cent increase in rates. Since one of the causes of the railroads' difficulties is competition it is obvious that the cure must come not from higher rates but from lower operating costs. The I. C. C.'s proposal that the stronger roads should give pecuniary aid to the weaker was, however, a complete surprise, which resulted in a swift decline in railroad securities listed on the Stock Exchange. The plan would have to be managed by some sort of Government interference, and too many people can remember the results of the last experiment in Government-operated railroads. Within forty-eight hours of the publication of the announcement, the Association of Railway Executives, in session at Atlantic City, had appointed a committee to confer with the Commission at Washington regarding details of the plan for pooling railway earnings, whose main idea seems to have been to suggest lending money to the weaker sisters, rather than giving it to them.

Some observers, expressing disgust at the pooling plan, overlooked several constructive statements in the I. C. C.'s report. One of these is the acceptance of the principle that "inasmuch as railroad earnings must inevitably fall below normal in times of depression, they may properly be permitted to rise above normal in times of prosperity." As Standard Statistics interprets it, this seems to foreshadow a policy of allowing railroad rates to move in consonance with commodity prices (though within far narrower bounds), instead of a hopeless and destructive policy of attempting to move them in opposition.

If recent strength in the price of farm products continues, the railroad problem will solve itself, for farmers will have long-needed equipment and supplies shipped to them.

(*Continued on page XX*)

THE SALVATION ARMY has over two thousand centers, always open, with a welcome for the poor and distressed. In normal times these outposts of social welfare minister to the limit of their capacity. During the past year the work of helping and healing has increased almost beyond calculation. Men and women who never before knew poverty have been added to the ranks of the hungry. Ashamed, bewildered, they have sought the aid and advice of The Salvation Army. Thousands of homes have been saved from ruin. The unemployed have been fed and clothed, turning a menace to society into an asset.

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or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district.

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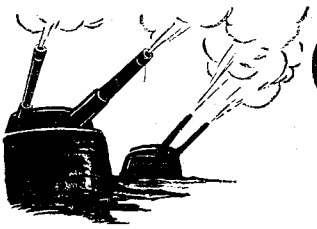
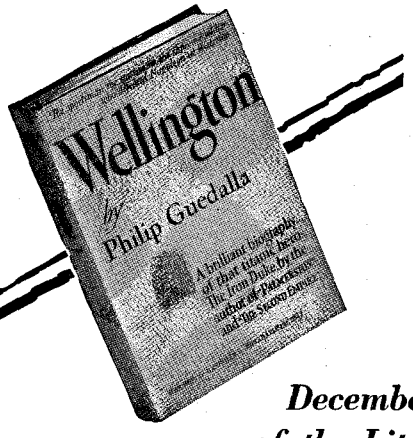


Can Europe

By FRANK



WHY will war debts and reparations *never* be paid, and how is Hoover unwittingly responsible for their cancellation? IS England through as a great world power? WHY can Mussolini's ambitions only be realized by war? HOW did France cause the downfall of the MacDonald Ministry and the English financial collapse? WHY has the League of Nations failed? WHAT is the Polish

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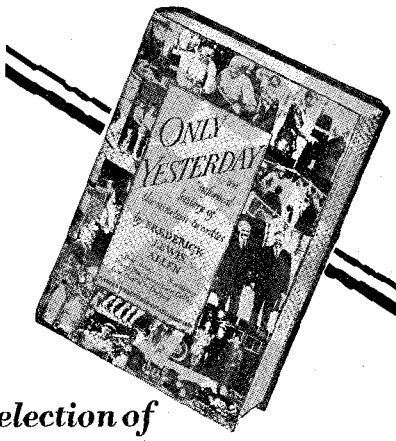

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A White Bird Flying. By *Bess Streeter Aldrich*. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

A compelling picture of a modern young woman who is torn between ambition for a career and the demands of home life. A solid novel about the descendants of pioneers in a small city of one of the prairie States.

The Story of Julian. By *Susan Ertz*. New York. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

The younger generation's search for a happy life, and the hindrances of the older generation, make up this novel delightfully and skillfully drawn against a background of the English countryside.

Napoleons All. By *Isadore Lhevinne*. New York: The Mohawk Press. $2.50.

Here is retold the doom of the Russian White Army and the aristocracy in the social upheaval of 1920.

Grand Old Man. By *Dyke Acland*. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.00.

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Sea Change. By *Eleanor Mercein Kelly*. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

A story of gaiety and romance — its setting a charming island paradise.

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Arrows of Desire. By *Mary Hoxie Jones*. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A collection of poems on a variety of subjects from a lyric pen, that of a new poetess.

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The story of a man and two women, old in theme but presented in a new and telling way.

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Gun Notches. By *Captain Thomas H. Rynning*. As Told to *Al Cohn* and *Joe Chisholm*. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

The career of this cowboy-soldier should appeal both to those who like the tang of adventure and to those interested in the history of American frontiersmen.

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Bodyguard Unseen. By *Vincenzo D'Aquila*. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.

The author tells of the strange events and novel adventures in his life, and of the force that enabled him to meet them.

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Cathedral France. By *Sydney A. Clark*. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

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America Weighs Her Gold. By *James Harvey Rogers*. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

Professor Rogers gives a clear presentation of the circumstances leading to the unbalanced distribution of the world's gold supply and points out the responsibility of America, as a creditor nation, in the international economic situation.

They Won the War. By *Frank H. Simonds*. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

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Taming Our Machines. By *Ralph E. Flanders*. New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.50.

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(*Continued on page XI*)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of *The North American Review*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1931.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest Fisher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *The North American Review*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Managing Editor, William Alton DeWitt, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Business Manager, Ernest Fisher, 9 East 37 Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37 Street, New York City; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37 Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ERNEST FISHER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of October, 1931.

[SEAL.] Dorothy Crowne.

(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

NEW BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

(*Continued from page X*)

OUR TIMES

(*Continued*)

The Church in the Modern World. By *G. Stanley Russell.* New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $2.00.

A Toronto clergyman of wide pastoral experience sets forth the problem of the church: to adjust itself to the present-day social situation without sacrifice of its ideals.

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Here They Are: Amos 'n' Andy. By *Correll and Gosden.* New York: Richard R. Smith, Inc. $1.00.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

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Apéritif

Depressio ad Abs . . .

How long ago did the last craze — Tom Thumb golf, backgammon or whatever it was — sweep the country? A year ago, two years ago?

I was wondering. People had begun to smile at depression cures and causes — wanly, of course, with emaciated faces — and I was wondering whether this thing could be a true, technical craze. It seemed to be costing the experts a good many charitable donations to keep contract bridge in the newspapers; backgammon was quietly receding to the background and I could think of nothing newer along their lines. Yet everywhere, all the time, on everybody's lips, from the bank president down to the shoe black, I heard: "Now, this is my theory . . . " It did seem to be the newest game.

As a rule I avoid these pastimes, possibly through a feeling of superiority, possibly because I am no good at them. But this one, apparently, was different. Such estimable people were engaging in it, and seeming to enjoy themselves so thoroughly that — well, in short, I decided it was high time to try this game myself.

The point, as every one knows, is to find something new to Blame the Depression On. (It becomes increasingly difficult; at one moment I had a discouraging idea that the only causes left were sitting in a draught and E. Phillips Oppenheim.) And the rules, except that you must have an urgent, fanatical faith in your own skill, may be anything. I began by worrying.

Mr. Albert Jay Nock was responsible. He wrote an article criticizing the feminist movement for its failure to civilize America. I should not, under ordinary circumstances, have turned a hair at this, but he based his indictment on the fact that American women control more of the nation's wealth than the men, using solid statistics to prove it. He said that economic power leads to all other kinds of power and that therefore these women had no one to blame but themselves for our barbarity. He said a great deal more, too, of course, but this was practically all that worried me. I was afraid he was going to blame women for the depression, and I wanted to do that.

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ALTHOUGH part of the fun in this game is to make your solution as complicated as possible, both as to cause and to cure, mine came out quite simply. The reasoning was: women have most of the money; they refuse to spend it; therefore we have depression.

The statistics are that several years ago women legally owned forty-one per cent of the nation's wealth, a steadily rising percentage, that they were beneficiaries for eighty per cent of the $95,000,000,000 of American insurance and, most important, that their husbands let them spend most of the money that did not legally belong to them, also. It seems probable that the stock market crash sent the percentage up much farther, more men being involved than women, and particularly in the suicides that followed.

These were mainly Mr. Nock's work, for which I am duly grateful. But I dug deeper. I went to the census reports and found that women are creeping up on men numerically, too; that in the cities we are already outnumbered. In the District of Columbia, for instance, are some 254,000 women and only 231,000 men — which has a dire enough significance.

After convincing myself of the foregoing facts I began to wonder what lay under women's refusal to spend. Could it be only the fact that their incomes had been reduced? That was the obvious explanation and it would have been easy to answer yes and let the whole matter go. But it occurred to me, had I known many women to stop buying things when their bank balance was low? Worse, had I known many women who ever even bothered to find out whether their balance was low? No, there was more to it. Women do not let such silly things as money stand in the way of their spending. And anyhow, according to the best respected economics, if they had gone on spending, they would have had the money.

The more I thought the more it seemed to me that women had some motive of their own, some deep-set purpose. Without it they never would have let their insatiable hunger for shopping go unappeased. Then I discovered something suspicious: in 1930 the $750,000,000 a year beauty industry, according to the president of its trade association, had *not* fallen off. What did this mean?

It meant that for their (nearly) exclusive wants women had money; that they were not depriving themselves of vanity. I began to suspect that they wanted a depression — not for themselves, obviously, but for men. It was a punishment, a means of forcing men to do something they wanted.

Now I was making progress. The next question was: what did they want? I thought over the complaints most frequently voiced by articulate women. One was that men had not given them an equal opportunity in business or politics; had saved the best positions and best salaries for themselves. The other was that American men gave too much attention to their business and too little to their wives; that they lacked interest in home, family, cultural pursuits and, above all, the art of love. These gave me the clue. Women have long been dissatisfied with the domestic conduct of American men, and

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although they have had complete sway over the home and almost complete sway over the purse strings, they could not change it because men still had business as a refuge from them. Emancipation began when women fully realized this, the depression when they saw that men would not give up their stronghold without a battle.

They may say that they need fulfillment in work, just as a man does, but the premise is equivocal. I have never believed that men like to work; even those who expound its virtues most mellifluently avoid it. But whatever their reason, women intend to gain control of business and there is no slightest doubt that they will succeed.

The reasons why they will are several. First, they have this economic bludgeon over our heads; second, they have a suffrage which they will eventually learn to use; third, and my favorite, hyperdulia. This is the important one, for without it they never would have acquired the economic power by which Mr. Nock explains the "ice-water-drinking gynecocracy" that we are. Their social power is only made firm by their economic situation; in reality it grows out of hyperdulia, which is the faith of American manhood. I love the word. On Mother's Day I intone it before every florist shop.

Perhaps wrongly, I think it has not been used in the vast literature of American matriarchy, just as Carlyle's "eleutheromania" was flagrantly overlooked in the literature of Scott Fitzgerald's Jazz Age. For the not too reverent, it expresses to a nicety the average American's attitude toward his related women, right down to this day. I think it became his attitude when religion ceased to be anything vital in his life, and my reason for thinking so is a belief that when religion was something vital in America, women were not treated with such remarkable consideration.

You see what a strenuous game this is.

Still all I have to do now is snatch a cure out of my magic hat. Without any incantation, simply, the cure is for men to surrender. The more quickly they do it the more quickly we shall have prosperity again.

All executives of every degree must turn over their jobs to their wives, at once. If no wife obtains, any handy female will do. I would not even have them wait to explain the office routine; for within a week the women would know more about it than they ever did, and would have reduced it to an effectiveness that would be sheer horror to the men. Then things would begin to move; pent-up female demand would burst forth in an orgy of buying; production would reel with its burden; unemployment would disappear in a moment.

Gilbert Chesterton expressed wonder, sprinkled liberally with patent paradoxes, that business should have become complicated. Perhaps he explained why: that men have made it so because its simplicity bored them. I forget. Women, being pragmatists, would change that. It would take them no years of musty browsing in statistics to find the essential truths of economics — and they would apply them.

People who insist that our troubles

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come from a war between capital and labor are silly; the real conflict is between men and women, one controlling production, the other consumption. If women ran both, our economic machine would have perpetual motion.

As for the big business of government, I am not so sure, but Congress, anyhow, might be replaced with some well integrated female organization, such as the Camp Fire Girls.

WELL, this would end the depression and give us quickly the matriarchy toward which we have been tending with all this tribulation. But what would happen to the men?

There are about sixty-two millions of them. Some are too young to worry, others too old. Of those in the middle the great majority would continue to work, some at the heavier manual labor still necessary in a mechanical age, some in the technical direction of machines. Many in a higher category would be needed for engineering, chemical, professional and other kinds of special knowledge. Few inventors, for instance, have been women and it might take long to develop them. Women's special job would be the destiny of the whole, the purposes and aims of it. Women would hold all posts that affect such things — the posts, in other words, in which men have made most of the money. The cleverest men in America.

There would be no justice in leaving these brilliant men to while away their lives on the golf course, in the speakeasy or on the street corner selling apples. But they are just the material for Mr. Nock's civilization. Apply their high-powered intelligence to the problems of art, music, literature, philosophy. This is the answer. What a magnificent work they could do! What a Golden Age they could bring to America! . . .

So the game goes. If people are announcing the upturn, raising grain prices, they are cynics, spoilsports.

On the Other Hand

HE WAS very insistent. I would turn my shoulder and edge away, but he went right on. "I can do anything," he kept saying, looking drunk.

There was a crowd and it seemed that I ought to be able to confuse myself with it and get away, but he stuck beside me. "Try me," he insisted, pushing my ribs with his fist.

"Go on. Go on," I muttered, stepping apologetically on a woman's toe.

"Look. You can't even stand up straight." He spoke so loudly. "I can do anything. Why don't you try me?"

The woman bleated and I shoved him, but he shoved me back against her again. She stepped hard on my foot with a French heel. It was embarrassing. "Cut it out," I said angrily, and he drew down his heavy brows, stuck out his Cromagnon jaw.

"I can do anything. *Anything!*"

I looked around. The ambulance doors had closed and it was beginning to move. The crowd thinned. Breathing more freely, I started to squirm along. There was a corner there and I got around it somehow, stopping

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to wipe my face with a handkerchief. His ugly face appeared under my arm. "Come on, try me. I can do anything." He was persistent, all right.

I was annoyed already, but this made me feel so futile that I broke a rule: I said, "Go to hell." And then he disappeared — just went out of my sight. It was astonishing. I turned around in circles, looking everywhere for him — feeling dizzy. After a moment he spoke from behind me: "How was that, mister?" and I jumped quite satisfactorily. He thumbed his nose, walked cockily down the street.

Ordinarily a practical joker is just so much wasted space to me, but this man had doom before him and I had to see it. I followed him, discreetly. He had no knowledge of it, I am sure.

Curiously, this one joke seemed to be the extent of his repertory; he used it again and again, with unfailing success. The secret, I suppose, was in his choice of victims; invariably they were mild people, unlikely to be presumptuous enough to take the joke out of his hands. Afterwards they would blush, clench their hands in impotent anger and hurry off. Repetition seemed only to increase his pleasure.

Then he came upon a group of people standing before the closed doors of a bank, most of them woebegone. He chose a little weazened man with gray hair and nondescript pince-nez, and began his weird recitation. The man said nothing, made no move, preserved an absolutely straight face. My friend said, "I can do anything," three times, three times pleaded for a suggestion. Then the little man spoke up, saying, "Let's see you kiss your elbow."

The missing link leaned back on his heels, for a moment aghast. His situation was unprecedented, what he should do about it doubtful indeed. I watched his face with the greatest satisfaction.

Suddenly decision was marked on it. He raised his arm in experiment, drew it in, strained harder, cursed in a muffled voice, then gave up momentarily. Staring down obliquely at the recalcitrant member, he muttered a while, then jerked again into action, evidently trying to surprise himself. Still his efforts were of no avail and anger grew visibly in him. He growled, worried at himself. The futility of his struggles egged him on into more furious exertions. He bent down rapidly and jerked up; his arms and legs began to gyrate; he leaped into the air, turned cartwheels, stood on his hands, rolled over and hopped, frog-like, here and there. He grew still angrier, and the angrier he grew the faster and more insane were his circumrotations. They ended abruptly and he lay on the pavement, his arm twisted under him, face gray. The little man coughed, unemotionally, and he looked up, worked himself into a sitting posture. Then he lifted his left arm with his right, bent it agonizingly at the elbow and a point above it, pushed it against his mouth and gasped: "How was that, mister?"

"Not bad," said the other, passively.

"Hell," said the Cromagnon, "I can do anything." He stood up painfully. "Anything else you can think of?"

The little man considered, his weazened face in a judicial pucker. The eyes under their vague protec-

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tors blinked around at his surroundings and lighted on an iron hoop, left on the sidewalk through one of those inexplicable metropolitan contradictions. He said casually: "Well, I've always heard it was a pretty tough job to square a circle."

My friend's face went through a veritable kaleidoscope of expressions trying to comprehend this, but he got it eventually, staggered over to the hoop and picked it up with his good arm. He put one foot on it, then the other and pulled. He pulled first on the right, then on the left; he turned the hoop over and pulled again; turned it again, and yet again. His face became brick-red and exuded perspiration. The result was slow in appearing; despite his primeval strength the iron presented difficulties and his broken arm was a definite encumbrance. He began yanking. He yanked more desperately. He yanked with abandon. Then on one yank he lost his grip. Like a released jack-in-the-box, his body arced up and backwards; he went heels over head over the curbing. In some curious manner one foot slid into a drain opening and caught fast. The rest of his body went on over. There was an ominous crack and he lay moaning in the gutter, leg, too, broken.

The little man was examining the hoop, eyeing it carefully. He decided: "Not bad."

My friend opened his eyes. "I can do anything," he whispered. "Try me."

"Well," said the little man slowly, "I've been thinking. What would *you* do about the depression?"

Dully, tortuously, the Cromagnon rose on his one whole leg. He looked into the little man's face without words, turned sadly, silently, hopped out into the street. A careening taxi tried to avoid him, failed. He sighed: "I can do anything." Quietly died. W. A. D.

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Prosperity from the Poor

By Harry W. Laidler

The American Construction Council, a body including some of the most prominent architects, engineers, practical builders and students of social problems in the country, has been urging a nation-wide programme for rebuilding slum and overcrowded tenement districts, giving as their economic reason that this is one of the largest and most important fields of building and engineering construction available for the coming decade. Others, too, have pointed out the meagre supply of decent workmen's homes as the one oasis in our desert of overproduction.

Take the great city of New York, with its 7,000,000 inhabitants; New York, the centre of world finance, the richest city in the world. Building after building has been erected during recent years. Great skyscrapers have been shot into the heavens almost over night. Park Avenue apartment houses, requiring a fortune to rent, have helped to transform this into the wealthiest avenue in the world.

Houses for people of more moderate means, renting at $15, $30, $50 a room, have been built around every park area and open space in the city. They have gone up irrespective of demand, and today hundreds of office suites are now housing nothing but an occasional ray of sunlight and thousands of apartments in the well-to-do sections of the city have long grown misty for lack of occupants. In Brooklyn a society has recently been formed to agitate against further building of middle class houses!

While this type of construction has been going on, practically nothing has been done for the lower paid workers. In New York City, according to the State Board of Housing, there are still more than 1,700,000 people living in old law tenements, "tenements structurally so inadequate that they could not be altered so as to meet even the most modest of modern standards."

A report of the New York Commission on Housing and Regional Planning a few years ago described the plight of many of the people having to exist in these tenements.

"Thousands and thousands of people in the city are sleeping and living in apartments so dark that gaslight must be burned all day; so airless that in summer the families are forced to sleep on the roofs; so foul smelling because of garbage in hallways, and courts and streets, and because of adjoining stables or factories, that one of the only two windows in the whole flat has to be kept

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shut. The tenants must climb five or six flights of stairs to dispose of garbage, for the dumbwaiters are seldom in repair. Toilets for two to five families are in the yards. The sanitary condition of the toilet is indescribable. There is insufficient water, neglected plumbing, no ventilation or light — these tell the condition without further description."

Other housing commissions have given during the past few years similar descriptions of housing conditions in some of the smaller cities of the State. And all over the country it is the same, in greater or less degree. Even, it may be said, more has been tried in New York to alleviate conditions than elsewhere.

Nor are these houses being rapidly abandoned. For the rent is low and many of the residents can not afford to live elsewhere. At the present rate of evacuation, according to the commissions, many, many thousands will still remain in the old law tenements after twenty-five or fifty years. For one or two generations workers will be subjected to ugly, unsanitary, overcrowded, crime breeding and disease breeding tenements of the East Side, Harlem, San Juan Hill, Williamsburg and other sections of the city and to similar housing conditions in many other cities of the country.

IN THE meanwhile, European cities have begun to tackle the problem in a sensible way. I visited the city of Vienna right after the War. I went to its outskirts and saw hospital after hospital filled with children suffering from rickets and tuberculosis, innocent victims of the War and of social neglect. I saw a city that was overcrowded; a city where workers lived in tenements unfit for human habitation.

I returned to Vienna two years ago, the next year and the next, and I have seen a new city built under my very eyes. The history of the development of the new Vienna is an interesting one. Before the War, nine-tenths of the apartments in working class districts consisted of one room. Out of a thousand apartments built for workers, over 950 had no water supply, and 920 no water closets. Gas and electricity was a scarcity. Rents were high and tenants had few rights.

The War and the revolution came. During these years, building was, for the most part, suspended. Little repairing was done. And after the revolution, thousands of the former officials of the Austro-Hungarian Empire flocked with their families into the city and asked for accommodations. Housing conditions became increasingly difficult.

The ensuing housing crisis was first dealt with through stringent rent laws. These rent laws made it unprofitable for a man to own a house, let alone to build new houses. Yet they seemed to be demanded by the tragic economic conditions of the workers.

The city government — now in the hands of Social Democrats — at first tried to encourage the development of voluntary coöperative enterprises. A considerable number of attractive garden settlements were built by coöperative societies. These settlements, however, scarcely touched the fringe of the housing problem. So, in September, 1923, the city council initiated its first great

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housing programme providing for the erection of 25,000 apartments to be constructed within a five-year period. Later this number was increased to 30,000 and, in May, 1927, a programme was launched for the building of another 30,000. About 50,000 apartments have already been completed.

In constructing these houses, the city followed certain rules. It required that not more than fifty per cent of the land be occupied by an apartment house. The remainder should be given over to courts and to open spaces. The houses should be built around these courts.

The buildings should be fire-proof and the walls sound-proof. Every window should be open to the sunlight. Balconies with space for balcony floor gardens should be widely distributed. Narrow corridors and air shafts should be forbidden.

There were other regulations. No more than four apartments should enter upon the stairway in any one story. Every apartment should be supplied with running water, a toilet, gas and electricity.

And, very important, an effort should be made to secure the best architects available and to have these architects design the buildings with an eye to beauty.

The apartment houses should, furthermore, be equipped with up to date electrical machinery for washing and ironing in the central cellar, with central — though not individual — baths, with nurseries, with auditoriums for meeting purposes, with coöperative stores and other community services.

Everything should be done to make the inner courts attractive — flowers and shrubs should be planted and playgrounds should be provided for the children, and an occasional paddling pool. And throughout all of the houses, tenants should be encouraged through their own organizations to keep the apartments in apple pie order.

The houses were built. They were financed from house taxes and luxury taxes. The rents, which range from only $2 to $5 a month, pay for the upkeep. As the capital has been secured from taxation, there are no capital charges. In deciding what tenants shall be chosen from the long list of applicants, the city officials grade applicants according to their needs. Those who are living under the worst housing conditions and have the largest number of dependent children, are given first preference. The others whose needs are less, follow along.

Already over 200,000 workers live in these homes, and the pride and satisfaction which they take in their clean and attractive apartments is an exceedingly pleasant thing to see. The 60,000 apartments planned provide but a part of the working class population with decent homes, but they have made an excellent start toward this objective. Rickets — despite the difficult economic conditions in Austria — as a result of this and other social achievements of the city government, has virtually disappeared and these new and beautiful homes of the workers have meant much for the physical, mental and moral life of this Austrian capital.

Last year I talked with Dr. Karl Breitner, former banker, now the city controller and financier.

"What could you do in New York

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to clear the slums if you were the financial officer of the city administration?" I asked.

"In New York," he exclaimed, "with all the wealth of that city! What could one not do!"

Vienna is only one of many cities in Europe with an extensive programme of municipal homes for workers. During the last two years, I have witnessed other municipal ventures, some apartment house "complexes," as many call them in Europe, in the heart of the cities, and some garden cities in the suburbs, notably the experiments in London, the suburbs of Paris, Zurich, Frankfurt, Stockholm and Moscow. Through its large apartment houses and its garden communities, London houses no less than 200,000 of its people.

I have likewise visited many voluntary coöperative ventures undertaken with or without city or State aid, and a number of enterprises initiated by private corporations, but regulated, as to rent, service and profits, by the municipality. The horseshoe settlement in Berlin, with its sloping lawns and gardens and pools and striking colorings, is one of the most impressive of these.

As the experience of Europe has indicated, there are several ways of financing and administering slum clearance and housing ventures on a large scale.

Extensive working class housing developments may be conducted by private corporations. These corporations, as in Berlin, may secure financial assistance from the municipal and State governments, paying a minimum interest rate, and, in return, charging the rent and performing the services which the government requires.

Dwight L. Hoopingarner, Executive Director of the American Construction Council, has recently suggested that the Government establish intermediate credit banks to help in the equity financing of such ventures to supplement existing first mortgage and other financial institutions. These banks, he declares, might be owned by the Government, or their capital might be supplied by subscription of private financial institutions as is the case with the membership banks of the Federal Reserve System. Under any circumstances, they should operate under strict governmental supervision.

Should the Government own the intermediate credit housing banks, Mr. Hoopingarner asserts, it would "be possible for one dollar of Federal money to do work many times its own size and thus reduce the need of any large Federal appropriation for this purpose. . . . An appropriation from $100,000,000 to $250,000,000 wisely distributed over twelve districts of the country should serve this purpose, or a like sum privately subscribed by member institutions would enable millions of dollars of work to go forward."

Mr. Hoopingarner is confident that the rebuilding of slums and obsolete tenement districts, with proper financing, would succeed.

"There is now sufficient experience and actuarial data to show conclusively that such building projects provide a sound investment under careful management and adequate safeguards, and offer just as good

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security as the regular preferred stock or debenture issues of our industrial companies serving a real economic need in the community. The Grand Street development in New York City, and other projects serving a similar purpose like the Rosenwald development in Chicago based upon private investment either by the occupants of the buildings themselves or private individuals, or both, are illustrations of what can be accomplished."

Many believe that the task of clearing the slums and erecting comfortable homes within the reach of the ordinary worker can well be assumed by the six per cent limited dividend corporation. The legislators of New York State have expressed special confidence in this form of individual enterprise — an undertaking pledging to limit its profit-making propensities to a six per cent return on actual investment. Recently they exempted from taxation for a twenty-year period buildings constructed by this type of company.

The most outstanding corporation of this nature thus far organized in New York is the City Housing Corporation, the creation of Alexander Bing, noted builder and social idealist. In 1924 the City Housing Corporation purchased a considerable tract of land in Long Island City, within easy reach of Manhattan. It constructed thereon a large number of attractive brick apartment houses and one, two and three family houses of old English style. It sold these houses or apartments for a moderate sum, ten per cent of the purchase price to be paid immediately and the remainder over a period of twenty-two years. It made numerous provisions against speculative buying and selling.

This interesting development in the meadows of Long Island, now known as the Sunnyside development, has had numerous social values. It has provided for the several hundred residents of the settlement plenty of air and light, garden spaces before each home, ample courts and playgrounds for the children and numerous community activities.

The more recent experiment of this corporation in Radburn, New Jersey — the establishment of a "city of the motor age," a city free from the danger of passing automobiles and trucks — is likewise a fine, pioneer venture in social planning. And financially it has proved to be a paying proposition.

In Brooklyn, Louis H. Pink, New York attorney and housing reformer, initiated a similar type of corporation and, largely through money supplied by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., built an attractive group of Garden Apartments on Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn, and another in the Navy Yard section of Brooklyn. The Brooklyn Garden Apartments is a semi-coöperative. A tenant has to take out $100 in shares on moving into an apartment. He pays an average rent of between $10 and $11 a room a month. About one-half of the land is given over to courts and air and sunlight are plentiful.

These houses, however, have not attracted working people from the old law tenements. They have not solved the problem of the slums. They have attracted firemen and policemen and skilled artisans and writers and artists who have saved a

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few hundred dollars necessary for the initial payments and who can afford to pay the monthly charges. And despite the encouragement which these corporations have received from the State, few builders or philanthropists have stepped forward to organize building corporations along similar lines or to help to extend the undertakings of such institutions as the City Housing Corporation.

Recently the city undertook to tear down the seven blocks of tenements around Chrystie and Forsythe Streets and then held itself open for bids from the wealthy citizens of New York to construct workers' houses renting at $9 a room a month. But thus far no offers have been made. The venture gives no chance of speculative profits. Hundreds of families formerly occupying these ancient tenements have moved elsewhere — no one knows where — but no clean, airy rooms, with modern plumbing and lighting have appeared in their stead.

Coöperative advocates have likewise made their attempt to grapple with this problem. Among the pioneers in this field is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Through their initiative, assisted by the Amalgamated Bank, a group of unusually attractive apartments has been built opposite Van Cortland Park in the Bronx. The union has also had major charge of the development in the heart of the slums in Grand Street. No one visiting New York and interested in the home life of the masses can afford to miss these undertakings, particularly the Amalgamated's garden city in the Bronx. It is the nearest approach to the Vienna houses that we have in America, while in plumbing, in the nature of the case, it greatly surpasses its rivals on the continent of Europe. The Farband and several other genuine coöperative ventures have been organized on a successful basis.

But none of them has been able to rent rooms at $8 a month and make it possible for the unskilled workers to move into them. Large numbers of workers can not pay $500 a room as its purchase price — $150 down and the rest in instalments — nor can they pay the average rent asked by the Amalgamated of $12.50 a month a room.

In the city as a whole, genuinely coöperative homes for workers, and apartment house settlements built by six per cent limited dividend corporations have pointed the way to better things. Up to the present time, however, they have given accommodation to but a few thousand families.

A FINAL suggestion is the financing of working class houses by the *municipalities*, following the successful example of scores of cities abroad. This is the suggestion of the City Affairs Committee of New York. Its arguments are simple:

> Almost all of the apartments built in New York by private builders in recent years rent for more than $15 a room a month. Even under the most favorable circumstances the private speculative builders can not build houses to rent for less than $12 a month because of the high cost of private credit.
>
> Social relief agents have agreed that the working class family should not pay more than one-fourth of its income in rent. A man getting $32 a week, therefore, should be able to get a decent four-room apartment in New

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York for $8 a room a month. Where shall he get it?

The city of New York should build its own houses and rent on the model of the Brooklyn Garden Apartments and rent them at cost. The city could do this without disturbing its tax rate. The houses could be self-supporting at $7.50 or $8 a room a month.

On this last point the City Affairs Committee goes into considerable detail. It points out that the city could borrow money at four and four and one-quarter per cent interest with only nine-tenths of one per cent amortization charge. The limited dividend corporations, on the other hand, must pay five per cent for mortgage money, six per cent on stock equity, and amortize at the rate of three per cent a year. The city can also exempt its own housing land from taxation, and save considerable amounts now spent by private companies for insurance, accounting and legal fees. The experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company with low-priced apartments in Long Island City indicates that low priced municipal apartments would not have vacancies.

Secretary George Cove of the State Board of Housing estimates that houses of the style of the Brooklyn Garden Apartments could be constructed at the present time for thirty-six cents per cubic foot and that plenty of land is available in Brooklyn, Queens and Bronx at $3 a square foot. Some architects contend that this figure is too low and that the cost of building would be forty-two cents per cubic foot. On this basis the rental would be $8. While land in Manhattan is more expensive, municipal houses on the lower East Side could be self-sustaining, the Committee estimates, at $9 a room a month. Even in the case of Mayor Walker's ill conceived venture on Chrystie Street, houses could be built and rented at a little more than $9 a room a month.

"If New York," the Committee concludes, "embarked upon a five-year municipal housing programme to provide homes for one million of its working class families, 30,000 building trade workers who are now unemployed would be sure of regular work until 1936. The benefits would be cumulative and far reaching."

Such a venture in New York State and in other States would require an amendment to the Home Rule Act empowering the city of New York to acquire land, erect dwellings thereon and rent them at cost under suitable restrictions to families for whom private business initiative has failed to provide safe and sanitary housing.

A city law would also have to be passed to create a new department of housing whose functions in the housing field would be the same as the Board of Transportation in the subway field. The houses could be constructed directly by the city, or the city could contract the work out to private contractors under proper safeguards, after a public bid.

If the programme of the City Affairs Committee should be enacted, every effort should be made to place the housing programme of the city in efficient hands. The development of public corporations of the type of the Port Authority of New York is indicative of a healthy trend toward efficient, non-political control, but such control can not be left to chance.

A slum clearance and building programme in any city, as the American

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Construction Council well points out, should likewise be coördinated with other phases of city life. A careful study should be made as to what districts should be cleared of the old houses and whether the areas formerly occupied by tenements are likely to be best adapted in the future to residential, business, industrial or recreational purposes.

"When the rebuilding is for residential purposes, ample consideration must be given to adequate facilities for parks, playgrounds, streets, light, air, etc. The influence of these districts on child life, as well as low cost buildings of the proper structural design and standards, needs to be considered." Traffic and transportation aspects should not be ignored. And every effort should be made to prevent the formation of new slum areas in other districts.

Finally, those ousted from the old slum districts should be given an early chance to move into decent and healthful quarters. They should not be pushed back, as they have been pushed back in many cases abroad, into other slum sections, while the higher paid worker takes their place in the new apartment houses. Careful consideration should always be given to the family needs of the applicants.

WHEN we have to, we in America can move quickly. We move quickly in time of war, in time of earthquake and fire and hurricane and cyclone. We are now faced with a major emergency. Continued neglect to act in this unemployment emergency will mean untold misery to millions and actual death to thousands of our fellow citizens.

Even when the curve of employment begins to mount upward, it will be, under ordinary circumstances, a long time before we have the "prosperity" which we enjoyed after the crisis of 1921.

During the War building was largely suspended and the end of the War found us with a dearth of office buildings and high priced apartment houses. Following the 1920 crisis, as I have before stated, we built and built and built, until at last the market became saturated with skyscrapers and with apartments for the well-to-do. Following the present crisis, we can not hope to keep our labor busy on that kind of construction.

After the War, Europe needed to be reconditioned. It borrowed vast sums of money from us and used that money to buy goods from our factories. Our trade is not likely to be stimulated following the present crisis in the same manner.

After the 1920 crisis, our automobile industry got its real start and, for seven or eight years, sales mounted higher and higher. Many accompanying industries were likewise tremendously stimulated. Following the present crisis, the increase in automobile demand is not likely to duplicate that following our first post-War explosion. It must likewise be realized that new machinery is enabling the same amount of labor to turn out far more automobiles than was the case ten years ago. One machine recently installed in Milwaukee can now produce, if fully utilized, 3,000,000 frames a year, as many frames as there were automobiles produced in 1930.

Following the last crisis, we sold on the instalment plan — as never

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before in our history. With the savings of tens of thousands of workers mortgaged in this way, it is questionable how effectively we can use this plan to stimulate prosperity in the days to come.

Finally, we must realize that, during the so-called prosperous years of 1921–1927, we were not so prosperous as some people imagined. At the peak of this period we had a million and a half idle men. In other years the number went up to two or three million.

The task before us is, therefore, a double one: to find an industry which will give us an initial start up the hill to another period of prosperity, and which, after that start has been made, will see to it that we do not come to a sudden stop before we have reached the half-way house.

Construction is our best choice. It employs vast numbers of workers; its prosperity is beneficial to business in general; and it has this unique opportunity.

Why not try our hands at a "clear and rebuild the slums" programme?

Continuity

By Mary Wentworth King

If I shall feed some quiet tree —
This lesser me —
The while I sleep,
So shall I trysting keep
With continuity.

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Bilbo—the Two-Edged Sword

By Hilton Butler

A Mussolini for our most backward State

"What Mississippi needs today," publicly suggested its five-foot-two Governor Theodore G. Bilbo, "is a Mussolini!"

An anti-Bilbo wag, surveying the results of a twenty-year domination of the Mississippi political scene by the little pistol-butt-scarred, piney-woods lawyer and licensed Baptist preacher, said that what the State apparently needed most was a good dose of Pluto water.

What it actually has, however, is the nearest approach to a Mussolini in the governor's chair legally possible under its constitution. Bilbo goes out in January, a still preserved section of the constitution preventing gubernatorial successorship, but with the same bland bravado that he once confessed taking a $645 bribe for a senatorial vote, he has announced that he will offer himself to the people in 1934 as a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate by the side of Pat Harrison.

The issue was "Bilboism or anti-Bilboism?" when Mississippi staged its quadrennial general elections in August. The Bilbo faction was ousted from every important State office, and only thirty-one out of the 189 legislators who served under the Bilbo administration saved their seats for the new four-year term beginning in January. But the wholesale routing of the Bilbo crowd from the political trough does not disturb the Napoleon of the faction that has controlled Mississippi State affairs sixteen out of the past twenty years, eight of which Bilbo has been governor, four lieutenant governor and four State senator.

"It was nothing but the Mississippi echo of a temporary international revolutionary state of mind," Bilbo insisted to capital correspondents at Jackson. "If the Democrats could have taken a whack at Herbie Hoover in August, they would have ripped that high collar off his neck. Folks are restless. Communism is gaining a foothold. Right here in Mississippi some people are about ready to lead a mob. In fact, I'm getting a little pink myself."

He professed his pinkness publicly at an extraordinary session of the Mississippi legislature called one month after the August elections that sent his factional followers reaching for the curtain strings—a special session that his political enemies charge was designed cold-bloodedly to camouflage the record

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of an administration that Bilbo himself says was "rather tragic."

IN A mellow moment, a previous Mississippi legislature officially adopted a State song that raises the lusty, if not lyrical, chorus:

> Mississippi! Mississippi!
> Land of a true and loyal race,
> Where hope's heavenly light
> Is seen on every face.
> Proud land whose story glows
> With deeds of heroes brave,
> Dear land that hateful tyrant
> Never shall enslave!

Meanwhile, in the "dear land that hateful tyrant never shall enslave" the four State-owned institutions of higher education are under indefinite suspension from national rating bodies for "political domination of personnel and policy." Demotion came after Governor Bilbo, in control of the board of trustees, fired three presidents and 179 professors and employes last summer without assignment of reason other than "new blood is needed." That it was classified as Bilbo blood did not seem to disturb him.

The "proud land" has less than 850 miles of its 57,000 miles of public roads in hard-surface, and less than 15,000 in gravel. For four years Bilbo and the legislature split over the way to finance road-paving. Bilbo, friendly at that time to Rogers Caldwell and Colonel Luke Lea of Tennessee, moguls of a now-defunct bond buying house, wanted an $82,000,000 bond issue as a starter. The legislature wanted the "pay as you go" plan. Three special and two regular sessions ended in deadlocks — and Mississippi is still in the dust or the mud, according to the weather.

"Hope's heavenly light" played on the last regular session of the legislature for a revenue scheme that would at least meet the necessary governmental expenses. A series of taxes reminiscent of War days were enacted because the politicians, afraid to arouse the voting ire of land-holders, declined to increase the *ad valorem* levies. Cigarette, amusement and gross sales taxes failed to net the required amounts, and the State ran up a $6,500,000 deficit in its 1931 expenses. Curiously enough, but politically clear, the legislature declined to tax tobacco chewers. Only the smokers had to pay the twenty per cent tax.

Among the "deeds of heroes brave" in Mississippi was a three-year deadlock over a State insane asylum. A $5,000,000 hospital was authorized by the legislature in the administration that preceded Bilbo, and the commissioners in charge were anti-Bilbo men. The project was urgent because 2,500 patients were crowded in Civil War buildings erected to hold only 1,500. A grand jury this year found five inmates sleeping regularly on one bed. The terms of the commissioners were such that when Bilbo became governor he could not obtain majority control. He thereupon declined to exercise his office as chairman and it stopped all meetings. The half-completed plant lay idle, and one patient was burned to death in a Thanksgiving Day ward fire in the old buildings that endangered the lives of 200 others and let fifteen insane men escape. A grand jury denounced the stand of the governor, and cries of "inhuman act" came from his political opponents and many of his friends. Ultimately he made an odd

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proposition to the commission: if it would appoint his friend, Colonel Vinson Smith, an associate architect at $10,000 a year, he would attend meetings and let the work proceed. The harried commissioners grabbed the chance. The associate architect, incidentally, has devoted much of his time to helping Bilbo build his $75,000 "dream house" in Poplarville, 150 miles from the asylum.

To a threatened default of the full faith and credit standing of Mississippi on bond markets when $600,000 in principal and interest fell due last May 1, Bilbo manifested a cold indifference. He had precedent, of course, for in her younger days Mississippi not only pledged her faith to bonds and then broke it, but wrote into a new constitution a permanent refusal to honor the issues, a fact to which descendants of English purchasers still point rather acidly. It was not until 1903 that Mississippi bonds were again accepted on New York markets at AAA rating. When the May 1 installments were due and only a special session could have provided the money, Bilbo declined to call it because the members had not agreed to sign a pledge against investigations and impeachments.

"Let the damn Yankees wait," Bilbo was quoted by capital correspondents. Mississippi bankers, convinced that the Governor was ready to let the State's paper go to default if he could not have his way about the special session, held an emergency meeting and subscribed the money. But a previously rejected refunding issue was sold at the last minute and the State met its payments, although the money did not reach New York until eight days after it should have been there. That did not perturb the governor.

"Well, those Yankees got their money, didn't they? What difference does a few days make?"

One of the differences that it made was that bond buyers point-blank refused to bid on a $5,000,000 Mississippi bond issue for another matter two months later — and to date that issue is still unsold.

United States Senator Hubert D. Stephens, the man whose seat Bilbo is going to seek in 1934, was sick in a Memphis hospital but took time enough to issue a blistering statement about the Bilbo administration, including a charge that Bilbo was privately expecting Stephens to die, and was dangling around a prospective senatorial vacancy as political bait in the State race then in progress.

"He is a liar," retorted Bilbo in a signed statement. "He is a cold-blooded, vicious, malicious, pusillanimous, premeditated, plain, ordinary, typical United States Senatorial liar!"

IF THE August verdict at the polls was a censure for the way he ran things in Mississippi for the past four years, Bilbo believes that time will heal the wounds and that all needed for a restoration of his faction is his own voice crying in the wilderness. Others are inclined to believe that a little sunlight has blessed the State; that agricultural high schools have helped to rout R. F. D. demagogery; that the voters have at last revolved and that suspended schools, mud roads, faulty and offensive taxation, a $6,500,000 deficit for current expenses that threatened closures of

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schools and eleemosynary institutions, and a deluge of unfavorable national publicity as a result of the Bilbo domination means that it is not the Isle of Elba, but St. Helena, for the Napoleon of Mississippi politics.

The shrewder ones say that it is the reason he has abandoned his hope of being Governor of Mississippi three terms — something no one has yet accomplished in 114 years of State history — in favor of a chance at politics in Washington, with his friend, Huey P. (Hurricane) Long of Louisiana as competitors for the rôles once played by Tom Heflin and Cole Blease.

If Bilbo of the Bulrushes goes to Washington as a United States Senator from Mississippi, his biographical sketch in the Congressional directory probably will omit the following court-recorded story:

The Mississippi Senate — back in the days before the popular election of United States Senators — was dead-locked between James K. Vardaman, commoner, and Leroy Percy, aristocrat. State senator Bilbo had been voting steadily throughout fifty-five deadlocked days for Vardaman. On the fifty-sixth day, to the amazement of the senate and the State, he switched his vote and Leroy Percy was nominated.

Two nights later, on the stage of a Jackson theater, Vardaman charged that money had passed hands in the election. A grand jury swung into action, and Senator Theodore G. Bilbo bluntly confessed taking a $645 bribe to change his vote — but he had an ingenious and patriotic explanation: he had done it, he said, to "trap" the Percy supporters. "Here is the original $645 they gave me," he shouted. But despite the fact that United States Treasury experts testified that the bills Bilbo exhibited were not printed until after the bribery incident, a jury believed his curious story and turned him free. But his senate became a fridigaire, and tried to expel him. With the aid of Vardaman, he rallied sufficient strength to keep his seat by a one-vote margin. A night later this resolution was written in the senate journal by almost unanimous vote:

> Resolved, in view of the unexplained inconsistencies and inherent improbabilities in the testimony of Senator Bilbo, his established bad character and lack of credibility, that the Senate of Mississippi does hereby condemn his entire bribery charge and the statement of the rôle he played as detective and decoy as a trumped-up falsehood, utterly unworthy of belief.
>
> Resolved further, that as a result of the conduct of Theodore G. Bilbo in this matter, and the testimony introduced in this investigation, the Senate pronounce said Bilbo as unfit to sit with honest, upright men in a respectable legislative body, and he is hereby asked to resign.

He did not. Instead, he plunged immediately into a race for Lieutenant-Governor of Mississippi, which automatically would make him the presiding officer of the senate that tried to expel him. He was elected in the first primary, and celebrated his thirty-third birthday with a copy of a resolution, adopted unanimously, expunging the previous expelling resolution from the senate journal. It was in his campaign for lieutenant-governor than an irate citizen named John Henry, offended at something Bilbo had said, cracked him in the face with the butt of a pistol. The vote-getting scar still remains.

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The gentle art of politics remains a matter of personal visitation in Mississippi, just as dirt and loose gravel remain the principal ingredients of its highways. High-pressure ring tactics, radio speeches, campaign documents, full-page advertisements and brass-band ballyhoos are taken as insults by the country voters unless mixed with the flesh and blood of the candidate himself. They demand that the office seeker make a personal appearance, extend his weary hand for the sign and the pump, eat their chicken dinner and cake on the ground, and use his husky voice to praise the poor and damn the rich, particularly the corporate rich.

No man knows the rural mind in Mississippi better than Bilbo. No man can call more voters on the banks of the creeks and at the forks of the road more readily by their first names than Bilbo, nor enquire more accurately after their first-born. It is the reason that he dismisses the urban voters with a contemptuous snort for their measly eighteen per cent of the voting strength. It is also much of the reason that he has been Governor of Mississippi or has dominated the election of governor since 1915 with but one lone death-disturbed exception. It is likewise the reason he will enter the race for the United States Senate in 1934 with the country cockiness born only of repeated successes.

On the stump Bilbo is a human autogyro. His stubby arms whirl constantly above his head, his deep voice alternately roars and idles, and he can lift his audience into fevered shouts one minute, dropping it gently on the brink of tears the next. It is not an oratorical trick of the William Jennings Bryan variety, but an evangelistic zeal surviving from Bilbo's earlier preaching days. Moreover, he knows what to feed the multitudes, and how to attract the eye. In his last campaign for governor, he advocated a State-owned printing plant and the paving of roads with vitrified brick made by convict labor.

He carried a school book in one hand and a brick in the other, whirling them dangerously above the heads of his hearers whenever he reached those subjects. It was too palpable a demonstration to be forgotten, and when the ballots were counted in 1927, the majority went for Bilbo, books and bricks. Only Bilbo is left today. The legislature refused his printing plant scheme and he neglected to go further with the vitrified brick idea after the victory was won.

It was the same campaigning in which his surviving opponent in the second primary, Dennis Murphree, faced the highly embarrassing necessity, from a Mississippi political standpoint, of calling out the national guard to keep the talented citizens of the capital from lynching a Negro. Bilbo gently hinted that no Negro was worth calling out the national guard to protect, and the brothers of the white-robes and hoods agreed that he was correct. It garnered some hundred per cent American votes for Bilbo that otherwise might have gone for law and order.

If any of his friends gets into trouble, Bilbo, himself no stranger to a jail cell, draws no boundary line in

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rushing to their rescue. He sent eighteen national guardsmen to accompany one of his friends on a ten-mile trip because rumors of a fist-fight in which his friend might come off second best had reached his sympathetic ears.

Built like a bantam-weight, Bilbo not only talks like a fighter, but looks as if he might have done fairly well with his fists in his younger days. Wherever he goes, the voters see a wiry little man with a pistol-butt scar down one cheek, a diamond horse-shoe stick-pin in a red necktie, an expensive but unpressed suit, and a pocket-full of cheap cigars. Whatever the introducing speakers say about him, he ignores it absolutely, and not from a stab at modesty.

He disdains anecdotes. He probably has never told a half-dozen jokes in all his twenty-five years of public speaking. Privately, he has a favorite bed-time story that has been carried over the continent by traveling men, and in a hotel lobby, surrounded only by admiring males, his repertoire is as purple as that of a half-lit Congressman. But on the stump, before his beloved people from the bushes, a shout of "hooray for Bilbo" is sweeter music to his ear than a round of laughter, and for a benediction he prefers an amen to a guffaw.

His fame as a speaker spread to the East, and in 1928 the National Democratic Executive Committee sent an S.O.S. to Bilbo to take the stump for Al Smith. The solid South was reported slipping and the faithful and effective were needed at the helm. He lost little time. In Memphis at a burlesque theatre he charged that Herbert Hoover stopped his special train in Mississippi during the 1927 flood, debarked at an all-negro town called Mound Bayou, and danced on the station platform with a Negro woman. The story hit the country overnight and Hoover's headquarters in Washington faced the job of answering it in such a manner as to disturb neither white nor black at the polls. It was a difficult job, and rather crudely done, as George Akerson admitted when it blew over. Bilbo grinned at the fabrication.

"It was just like asking old high-collar Herbert if he had quit beating his wife," said Bilbo. "He couldn't say yes and he couldn't say no."

Mississippi went heavily for Al Smith. Other States of the solid South broke away, but Bilbo of the Bulrushes delivered the children of the wilderness. In recognition, he has been notified that he is to be among the principal speakers of the Democratic party in the 1932 campaign.

"MY NAME means a two-edged sword," Bilbo told the capital correspondents watching him sign a vitriolic message to the legislature. "What's more, I'm both edges."

He is substantially correct both in the definition and the application. An admiring clerk in the Department of Archives and History discovered a column of data under "Bilbo" in the new Oxford dictionary and lugged a volume up to the governor's office for his inspection. Two things amazed him: the bulk of material under his curious name, and the fact that there was a dictionary in existence larger than his Webster's unabridged.

"The man Bilbo," his Napoleonic way of referring to himself, was born

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October 13, 1877. Seven other Bilbos preceded him, and when Theodore was christened, the elder Bilbo decided he had contributed enough to God and country. From then on he devoted his talents to the frantic task of feeding the little Bilbos, a first class job in a second class country. That was back in the days when South Mississippi farmers surveyed the tall and stately yellow pines that cluttered their holdings, and cursed Jehovah roundly for putting them in the way of the plough. When shrewd Northern lumbermen offered the Mississippians from twenty-five cents to two dollars an acre for the right to cut the trees away, the amazed natives hastened to sign on the dotted line, and then rushed off behind the barns to give the horse-laugh to the damn-fool Yankees. For who could cut away an acre of trees with an axe? Skidders, loggers, geared-wheel locomotives and circular saws moved to the edge of the pines and gnawed in to the tune of around $500 an acre profit for the damn-fool Yankees. Today the land down there is as naked as nudists, and chief among the administrative problems of the little piney-woods runt now occupying the governor's chair in Mississippi is some way to re-forest the desolate lands or to get rid of their stumps to make them "fitten fer to plough."

As a native of the piney-woods, Bilbo showed the effects of a poor country childhood and ceased growth at sixty-two inches. His school days found him distinguished neither in scholarship nor leadership, and when a struggling little Pearl River county high school awarded him a diploma he fell in line with the customary habits of the natives of his section and plunged into an early marriage. He took his bride to Nashville and entered Vanderbilt University. J. Ham Lewis of Chicago was a law school class-mate. In 1907 Bilbo graduated, rushed home and announced for the State senate. He was overwhelmingly elected. It was the political birth of the Mussolini of Mississippi, red-necks substituting for black shirts.

Not a year has passed since 1907 without the rasping voice of Bilbo being heard at the forks of the road and on the banks of the creek in behalf of his beloved common people. Of course he was shrewd and demagogic enough in the beginning to select the side of the majority. In Mississippi, seventy-two out of every hundred qualified electors are rural citizens, residents not of small towns, but of star routes, R.F.D.'s, country lanes and straggling farms. Bilbo is their hero and the hero of their children. The worship they once lavished upon James K. Vardaman, governor, United States Senator and founder of the rural faction in Mississippi politics, is now bestowed upon the little piney-woods runt who succeeded him as the leader of the boys from the bulrushes. Its members are perpetuating his name in Mississippi by use of it as a Christian handle for their legitimates. More than 200, most of them now bordering the age of adolescence answered that way to the 1930 census takers.

His first term as Governor of Mississippi — 1916 to 1920 — gave him the title he likes: "Bilbo the Builder." Bilbo survived the World War period without volunteering dramatically as a buck-private or being called a

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pro-German; he signed his name to the document that made Mississippi the first State in the Union to ratify the Prohibition amendment to the Constitution; he advocated and succeeded in getting the lagging Mississippi to build a State tubercular sanatorium, a colony for the feeble-minded, an industrial training school for juvenile criminals, a group of charity hospitals and another State teachers' college. He thought the State advancing so rapidly that it was time to force cattle-owners to drive their animals to the dipping vats. But that was a political mistake, even at a time when Mississippi was so infested with cattle tick that surrounding States hastily erected barbed-wire boundary fences and pronounced indefinite quarantines. A circuit judge opposed the cattle-dipping law and on that one issue alone defeated Bilbo in 1918 for a seat in Congress — Pat Harrison, who went to the Senate that year victor over James K. Vardaman, one of the "wilful nine" whose defeat was demanded by Woodrow Wilson.

After the Congressional defeat, and being barred by the Mississippi Constitution from succession in office as governor, Bilbo publicly announced that he would help promote his friend Lee M. Russell from the lieutenant-governorship. It was a whaling victory for the Bilbo faction, but three years later Federal deputies were hunting Bilbo at his Poplarville pecan farm with a subpoena. He was wanted badly as a witness in a $100,000 seduction suit brought against Governor Russell by a capital stenographer. Bilbo refused to testify and a Federal judge sentenced him to thirty days in jail for contempt of court. The deputies took him to Oxford, site of the University of Mississippi, and lodged him behind the bars. The chancellor of the University brought him three good meals a day. Admirers by the hundreds sent him books, cigars, money and advice. A martyr was again in the making. At the end of ten days the sentence was lifted. Out the jail doors walked Theodore G. Bilbo — exactly one hundred days before the voters of Mississippi were to nominate another governor to succeed the incumbent Lothario.

"That jail-bird Bilbo," cried the opposition, "is politically dead from now on."

Women had just been enfranchised and Henry L. Whitfield, president of the Mississippi State College for Women, was running away with the gubernatorial race. Bilbo calmly announced as a candidate, and in the most hilarious hundred days in Mississippi political history he ran up enough votes to get into the second primary. Whitfield won by a skimpy margin, but word went around that it would be Bilbo four years later.

It was. He sold his little newspaper for a dollar and the friendly mortgages and moved back to the familiar scenes of the capital and the mansion.

Bilbo of the Bulrushes had been commissioned once again to lead his people out of the wilderness. The status of the State today suggests that something evidently went wrong with the compass.

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The Anti-Aircraft Fable

By A. G. West

Every nation has its legends, persistent and well-nigh incontrovertible. Not the least among America's is her theory of self-defense, which is almost as venerable and outdated as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

Along with many other supposedly modern nations she still retains a childlike faith in forts and in navies: forts that are the lineal descendants of medieval castles and city walls and the high towers which, enabling an irate citizenry to hurl defiance and anything else handy in the way of stones, hot coals, boiling oil, arrows or javelins at the hostile troops below, were such popular examples of municipal architecture; navies whose family tree has roots deep under the waters by Salamis, where they first achieved glory and firmly established the tradition that a nation with its back to the wall could save itself by the strategic use of sea power.

Yet history nowhere records that either fortifications or fleets are a guarantee of protection. Carthage is gone and Greece and Rome also. Certainly the sea power myth was not borne out by the records of battleships in the World War. Indeed, British official historians disclose that:

> The Grand Fleet could only put to sea with an escort of nearly 100 destroyers, no capital ship could leave its base without an escort of small craft, and the German U-boats hampered our squadrons to an extent. . . which had never been foreseen.

Yet the submarine alone was responsible for this blow to naval prowess. The airplane had not yet advanced to its later successes, nor had chemical warfare entered the picture. The tradition of Salamis was still invincible until one fine morning it was learned that a little submarine, the U-9, which cost perhaps half a million dollars, had torpedoed three large British armored cruisers off the Broad Fourteens, with a loss of about 2,400 lives and about $15,000,000.

The staggering shock of this event, coupled with the subsequent sinking of the superdreadnaught *Audacious* by a submarine-laid mine, blazed a sea trail for the smaller, swifter vessel of the future. No government can afford to risk such costly investments in battleships or the effect of their loss on the people's morale.

The action of the British Admiralty is highly significant, for with the news of the loss of the *H. M. S. Cressey*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir*, we are informed by Lieutenant Commander J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., Member of

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Parliament, in his *New Wars; New Weapons*, that:

> This was the first actual demonstration of what one of the newer weapons could do. The Admiralty and Higher Command awoke with a start. The Grand Fleet evacuated the North Sea as fast as its long lines could steam, taking refuge in Lough Swilly, on the north coast of Ireland, hundreds of miles from the fighting area. . . . These were the days when the greatest battles the world had ever seen were raging. . . in France — the Marne — Ypres. . . . And the Grand Fleet, very symbol of the might of Britain, was literally off the map. . . . Defenses were hurriedly erected at Scapa Flow. . . old liners and passenger ships sunk in the wide entrances . . . nets and booms laid down, batteries and searchlights established. Finally, the Grand Fleet was able to emerge from the Irish mists and take up its station at Scapa Flow . . . until the defenses in the Firth of Forth were completed.

THE airplane is said to have engaged in only one actual conflict between rival fleets during the War, this event being celebrated each year by a dinner in London of the former personnel of the *H. M. S. Engadine*, from which converted channel steamer a seaplane went up at the Battle of Jutland. But the menace of air attack was already recognized by that astute observer, Admiral Sims, chief of the United States Naval Forces in Europe, who stated:

> It has been said in the past that the battleship is the backbone of the fleet, but I believe it is so no more. A battleship has no defense against aircraft but small anti-aircraft guns. On the Western Front, one hit in a thousand was considered a good average with massed batteries firing at a plane, with plenty of observations to decide the range. The best experts now agree that the results of anti-aircraft firing from a ship are negligible. In my judgment, it matters little whether the big ships now in use in the world navies are scrapped or left as they are, because in any case, they will be of no further use.

In view of the astounding claims that have since been made by various "experts" as to the successes of "Archy" fire, this clear-cut comment from an authoritative source deserves the most thoughtful attention. Remember this: that the effectiveness of anti-aircraft gunners in peacetime operations is theoretical to a high degree, because such practice is carried on with towed targets. It is practically impossible to hoist these above 15,000 feet, they slow down the towing plane, and the aviators are unable to make sharp banks and sudden turns or do other acrobatics with them, because the cable line snaps off easily, and the target is dropped.

However, the "record firings" of the anti-aircraft forces are impressive events, and to the average layman on the ground, the bursts of shells in the air seem as effective as one might wish. The truth is that the anti-aircraft advocates are up against an exceedingly stiff proposition and they know it. Aviation has made tremendous strides in the last ten years, and the present type of speedy, maneuverable, high-altitude plane presents painfully ticklish problems to the gunner.

Technical and service journals often have significant statements on anti-aircraft firing that indicate the weakness of certain vital phases in its present stage of development. For example, one writer in a recent issue of *Mechanical Engineering*, in speaking of a new automatic anti-aircraft data computor, remarks:

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It must be admitted that the solution, though theoretically exact, does not result in perfect accuracy of fire. The projectiles, passing through several atmospheric strata, are acted upon by variable conditions of wind and air density which are very difficult to determine in advance from the ground. The maneuverability of the modern airplane makes it difficult to predict where it will travel during the time of the flight of the projectile. In spite of these very real difficulties, satisfactory percentages of hits are expected, and actually obtained in tests approximating service conditions.

The theoretical attitude, and the atmosphere of hopeful expectancy are typical of anti-aircraft defense. To what extent it may be considered that the "tests" in question even very remotely approach service conditions — i.e., war-time activity — will be shown later. It is this great gap in the present method of training gunners that forms the crux of the disbelief of aviators in the future success of anti-aircraft firing, when arrangements of the weather, wind, clouds, fog, hour, ceiling, course, speed, will not be altogether in favor of the gunners, as is now the case.

Unfortunately, the Coast Artillery as well as the Navy seem to have been far more intent upon obtaining impressive official records to present to their chiefs in Washington than in maintaining persistent, constructive practice with free-flying aircraft whose course, altitude, and speed were not already determined in advance by the gunners.

In the present procedure the aviator takes off with his "towed sleeve" trailing out behind him and a stand-by plane ready to relieve him if his gas runs out while the anti-aircraft battery spends six or seven hours getting ready. Finally, the "rehearsal runs" are concluded and the gunners start the real "test firing."

But in a war, it is obvious that no gunner can hope to have the enemy wing commander radio in, "Get all set, boys. We're coming over tonight at 25,000 feet, at around 225 miles per hour, and will 4 a.m. be all right with you? Or do you want a bit of practice?"

Even when the air attack is anticipated, and the squadrons are on the alert or in the air on patrol, the defenders are apt to be sold short. This fact was demonstrated at Panama a year or two ago in the spring maneuvers, when the Army and Navy forces combined to "protect" the Canal from hostile air squadrons.

The carrier *Lexington* with about a hundred planes was assigned as the "enemy," while a vastly superior force of Army and Navy planes from ships and shore stations, anti-aircraft batteries and vessels of the Scouting Fleet guarded the locks. The air squadrons took off from the *Lexington* at three in the morning, while it was still dark. A cruiser had trailed them all night, and though notified that it had been "sunk" by the carrier, refused to believe it, and duly reported the activities of the "enemy."

An hour later, the naval aviators arrived over the Canal, still uncaught. It was growing light in the sky, but was still dark and misty on the ground, as the planes "rolled over" at 15,000 feet and dived down on their target, the locks. Very lights indicated the success of the maneuver, and the aviators leveled off to watch the performance on the field below them, where the startled gunners were running out of their

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pup tents, their shoes and trousers in their hands, to man the guns.

In spite of the return of the Army pilots at this moment, the naval aviators made their escape, a reserve squadron protecting their departure and again "bombing" the defenders. This maneuver proved to the Army and Navy officials, what European experts have also discovered, how difficult a problem it is to protect a strategic point against air attack.

But the anti-aircraft forces do not want to admit this. In fact, they refuse to admit it. Our generals are still peering back into the thin mists of the Civil War, when sea-coast cities demanded their just due of at least one fort apiece, complete with cannon, grass terrace, and in later years, the disappearing gun.

This simple trust in forts, however, received a terrific blow in the first days of the World War, with the fall of Liège. The United States had, with the enthusiastic aid of its politicians, invested heavily in sea coast defenses in 1895, just prior to our war with Spain, and a grand total of $250,000,000 had been expended upon these impressive fortifications, in the years that ensued. Every one supposed that they were absolutely impregnable, up to the moment that the German Army cheerfully demolished this legend by capturing Liège, nine forts and all. Nor must it be forgotten that this fall of the mighty was attained without aid of gas or aircraft, the two greatest weapons against forts, today.

According to the combined opinions of the world's keenest experts and strategists, future wars will be radically different from any we have known in the past. They insist that the Four Horsemen of future victory will include air power, on a new and startling scale; gas, and a choice of explosive, incendiary, or poison bombs; tanks, of greater range and mobility and speed; and submarines.

General von Diemling, former commandant of the Fifteenth German Army Corps, recently commented:

> All air maneuvers organized by the Great Powers in recent years have corroborated the opinion that no effective defense against air attack is possible . . . . French citizens are mistaken if they think they can sleep peacefully behind the eastern fortifications now being built.

Another of the advocates of an offensive system of protection is General Douhet of the French Army, who believes that the only sure defense against enemy air attack is counter-air attack with battle planes. The perils of gas have been graphically discussed by many experts, among whom Professor Langevin, of the Collège de France points out that a large city, like Paris, could easily be annihilated in an hour by the gas bombs carried by a hundred planes.

Incendiary bombs are equally dangerous to the city dweller, and being small, can be carried in quantity by air squadrons so that fires would break out in so many places that no fire department could hope to cope with the situation. The termite filling of these bombs develops such a tremendous heat that water does not extinguish it.

Much of the supposed protection from anti-aircraft defenses is in defiance of these facts, as the advocates discount the dangers in advance, exactly as they discounted the psy-

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chological effect of strafing men from aircraft. Yet in the short "war" recently carried on against the rebels in Chile, a brief twenty minutes was entirely ample to subdue the fleet. Surely this is a world record! But it is also a practical example of actual air conflict, as opposed to theory, and is quite in line with the work done by British air squadrons in policing their mandate in Iraq and the northwest frontier of India, where the effectiveness and low cost of air control has startled the entire world of experts.

All this is ignored by the anti-aircraft factions. They are not interested in the problems of cost, or of upkeep, or of the value and the importance of time, and its relation to air power, nor do they yet admit the deadly effectiveness of air attack. Raids will invariably be made at unexpected hours, from approaches and angles least favorable to the gunners, and safest for the attackers; yet the defenders are evidently expected to live through explosive, incendiary or poison gas bombing, and still fire accurately at their elusive targets, seen dimly, if at all, through clouds of smoke screen, and moving at dizzy rates of speed well over 200 miles an hour.

As the concentrated fire power of an attack squadron is about 54,000 rounds of ammunition, the gunners are expected to survive the equivalent of fire from a whole division of infantry — some 75,000 men.

Lieutenant R. C. Oliver points out in a recent issue of *Field Artillery*, "The time from first to last sight of the enemy planes will not be over two minutes and they will not remain within effective range more than forty-five seconds. There will be no time for unlimbering or setting up the machine gun tripods, after the planes are sighted."

In order to handle anti-aircraft defense properly it is necessary to set aside a tremendous number of men, not merely to man the guns, but to carry on the various connected duties. Searchlights, sound-locators, battery instruments, signal wires to headquarters, all require men, and behind the scenes more men to feed and supply them. The War Department would need to set apart approximately twenty per cent of the six million men needed to mobilize for any big emergency in this one type of work.

Aside from all this is the tremendous cost. Congress plans to spend $35,482,198 on a programme of sea coast defenses. These will bolster up our thirty-five-year old fortifications; a further addition of $8,000,000 will be required for searchlights. But it was indicated last winter before one of the committee hearings in Washington that whether the guns were or were not effective, to place them everywhere they might be needed would bankrupt the nation. This statement was made by Congressman Collins, who added:

> . . . at one time this was planned on the island of Oahu . . . so that they could shoot various distances, and so thick around the island that no enemy could ever approach it. But it was discovered that it would cost two or three *billion* dollars to defend that one spot, so they had to abandon it on that account.

THE theory of anti-aircraft gunnery is something like this: a shell from the standard, three inch, 75 mm. gun, is supposed to have an

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effective radius of fifty yards from the bursting point. An imaginary cube with a fifty-yard edge is constructed around each shell burst, and if the tow target is anywhere inside that imaginary cube when the shell bursts, the artillery takes credit for a safe hit, and a plane shot down, even though no sign of a hit shows up on the target.

But the three inch guns are said to be almost wholly ineffective at altitudes under 3,000 feet, because of the rapid change in the angular declination of the plane. At 8,000 feet, about twenty-five seconds are required to get the shell up to its bursting point near the plane, and in that length of time the pilot has probably changed both his course and his altitude. At 12,000 feet there are still more troubles for the gunner, for he has to contend with the deflection of the wind drift, air density, and also has difficulty in determining the exact altitude of the plane, particularly under conditions of fog, clouds or darkness.

Further, it must be realized that the actual area of vulnerability on an airplane is small, consisting chiefly of the motor and pilot. This fact was well known in the War; many planes though badly scarred and shattered, were flown safely back to their respective airdromes if the aviator and the engine came through without a direct hit. A modern plane, traveling at, say, 175 miles an hour, presents little opportunity for such a hit: the width of a burst of shell has been estimated as being somewhere near forty-five feet of danger wide, and about a hundred feet of danger long; thus the aviator can move out of danger in roughly a sixth of a second, particularly since the spray of a shell tends to go forward, and there is said to be no backward explosion.

After a plane has actually been sighted certain definite things must be done to get the shell started into the air, and even for the most highly trained gun crew in the world these take time, if only a few seconds, or fractions of seconds. This period can be, and will be, fully translated by the pilot in terms of speed, different altitude, and course; and, as was shown at Aberdeen in the fall of 1928, this fact is going to make many of the present "victories" claimed by the anti-aircraft factions look very different.

It was said to have been the first occasion in the history of the Air Corps that their pilots had been permitted to fly just as they wished on such a test firing, and the results were astonishing to the gunners. The pilots had decided to use a plane which was new to the Coast Artillery and which had a speed of fifty miles an hour more than the old DH, with which the shock troops had so carefully trained.

The exhibition started with the pilots coming over the range at varying heights, from 3,000 to 9,000 feet, and at speeds far beyond what the gunners had anticipated. Instead of shoving calmly along on an easy straight line through the air, the aviators darted around the sky like mosquitoes. According to one observer, the shots did not come within 300 yards of an actual hit.

A performance along rather different lines was conducted in Hawaii several years ago when the Coast Artillery decided to "defend" Pearl Harbor by night, and ordered the

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aviators to come in over the one clear area in a little triangle whose apex was usually free of clouds or fog. Eight searchlights were concentrated on this spot, and although there were open 270 degrees of an approach far more favorable to enemy air squadrons, the gunners insisted that the pilots use the clear area.

Thus badly handicapped at the start, the aviators decided to interpret their orders so that they could use planes adequate to the occasion, and with no favoring clouds to mask their approach, climbed up to 12,000 feet, throttled well down to about 1,000 "revs," and gliding over the target, set off four flares in succession apiece.

The second night was a repetition of the first. So the third night, the Coast Artillery decided that enough was enough, and issued an order for the Air Corps to use the old Martin bomber, whose Liberty motor was capable of ninety miles an hour, and which had a ceiling of perhaps 8,000 feet. Then the site of the target was moved up nearer the Point and the searchlights were placed away from it. After all of this the artillerymen made their startling record of fifty per cent of possible hits.

On one occasion when the anti-aircraft forces were giving one of their nocturnal exhibitions, a certain energetic general of the ground troops, who was reviewing the event, became curious about what looked like automobile spotlights shining on each of the planes. On hearing that they were ordered by the gunners to enable them to see the fleeting targets, he bitterly exclaimed: "This is a hell of a record firing, if the pilots have to carry spotlights for you!" Then stamped indignantly from the field.

Night firing, as it appears in the news reels, is quite a convincing affair; the flame-belching, roaring guns seem very threatening indeed. But no plane in actual danger of being shot down would ever move so calmly along on an even keel at so constant a speed as these do.

IT SHOULD be evident to the most dispassionate observer that the idea of protecting our nation by anti-aircraft defense is no more than a revival of the old theory of walls, towers and forts, brought up to date, completely upholstered with lights and sound-locators, and streamlined with favorable publicity.

The War Department, taken as a whole, is naturally antagonistic to the encroachments of new weapons, whether tanks, chemicals, submarines, or aircraft, and jealously guards the old line defenses as best it can. The cavalry is instinctively hostile to any weapon that may supplant the horse, and the infantry, still worshipping the tradition of the "Queen of Battles," the foot soldier, persists in seeing the airplane as a mere adjunct to the other arms. So it goes.

The whole theory of anti-aircraft is in essence a denial that air power is effective. So it is that we find our military and naval leaders attempting to divide our strength; attempting to put back the hands of time, and hoping to invest the wealth of the nation in schemes that great strategists of other nations, and far-seeing leaders of our own, have declared to fall short of the demands created by the newer weapons.

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Instead of wasting millions of dollars in guns, sound-locators, and other paraphernalia that will only clutter up an army on the move, why not do the sensible thing, the only sane thing, and put a mere fraction of this tremendous appropriation into fast model air squadrons? We can not afford to risk the lives of our people merely to please contractors and politicians. Can we not realize, while there is time, that if we spend our money on vast superdreadnaughts — rather than on faster, maneuverable vessels — and on countless expensive anti-aircraft devices, we are wasting men and money exactly as though we threw them into the seas?

In Tanks or Globes

By Sherwood Trask

Frivolous fish at sport in the tank
With mouths agape and belly-shaped, or lank,
Chortle globuled bubbles,
Swim the tank in doubles,
Nibble on a leek-like weed,
Spice it with a tiny seed;
Have no vision anywhere
Except into the open air
To which their eyes, abead with blear,
Can no more see than through a tear,
Which is their world: a monstrous tear.
In tanks fish have not even fear
To prime them for the after-place.
I take it they're to know no later grace.

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Why Kick the Farm Board?

By C. O. Moser

It has accomplished considerably more than those who think only of its half-billion-dollar stabilization scheme would like to admit

An overwhelming world surplus in both cotton and wheat has served to focus public attention on the future of the Federal Farm Board and the new national policy of coöperative marketing. The whole question doubtless will be to the fore in the next session of Congress, and it is apparent, even at this early date, that efforts will be made by the opponents of the Board to destroy its effectiveness.

Quite naturally the central point of all recent discussion has been the record low prices of the last four months. But this narrowing of the subject has been most unfortunate, for in its haste to draw a final judgment against the price stabilization operations the nation at large has utterly neglected for the moment the many constructive achievements of the Farm Board.

We can not justly dismiss as a mere expression of hope the words of President Hoover in announcing his approval of the Agricultural Marketing Act, on June 15, 1929: "After many years of contention we have at last made a constructive start at agricultural relief with the most important measure ever passed by Congress in aid of a single industry."

Or what Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, said two days later:

> The Agricultural Marketing Act is the first real step for the rehabilitation of agriculture in these United States. I believe it is the most important piece of farm legislation ever enacted in this or any other country. It is intended to be for agriculture what the Federal Reserve Act is for commerce, what the Transportation Act is for railroads, what the protective tariff is for manufacturing and labor.

It is, of course, too early to attempt any final appraisal of the programme, for, as President Hoover emphasized in charging the Farm Board with its official responsibilities in July, 1929, "We are building, not for the present only but for the next year and the next decade." Nevertheless, it is reasonable to ask, "How far have we traveled in these two years?" Even if the ultimate goal is not yet in sight, the nation still is entitled at all times to ask, "Are we on the right trail?"

Most frequently neglected in discussion of the Farm Board's operations to date is the fact that the programme launched in 1929 involved a new basic national policy, to

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be worked out over a period of years. The price stabilization efforts were merely incidental, designed to meet the extraordinary situation precipitated by the stock market panic.

The major objectives of the Farm Board were outlined by the then Chairman, Mr. Alexander Legge, in his first public announcement of policy at Baton Rouge, in August, 1929. This policy contemplated (1) that the Board should assist the farmers in organizing their own marketing agencies and (2) that the farmer-owned and farmer-controlled marketing machinery should undertake to control surpluses "at the source," that is, by the adjustment of production to going demand.

This clearly defined policy was closely followed until the October crash in Wall Street created panicky markets in every major agricultural product. Through the cotton and wheat stabilization operations the Board diverted some of its funds to checking the decline of prices before they should touch ruinous levels.

It is the contention of those who advocated the stabilization policy that the cotton and wheat farmers realized far more through the higher prices obtained on their 1929 and 1930 crops, than the Farm Board invested in the operations. On the other hand, opponents of the policy declare that through stabilization United States prices were held at a point out of line with the world markets, which resulted in a relatively larger consumption of competitive foreign products; and this, in turn, tended to create still larger surpluses in America. Hence, runs this argument, the cotton and wheat farmers stand to lose on this year's low prices whatever they may have gained last year and the year before through the artificially high stabilized price. The verdict, of course, will be rendered by economists when all the facts are in. They are not in today, nor can they ever be available until the stabilization accounts finally are closed out by the sale of the stocks withdrawn from the markets of the world. Meanwhile, whatever the final verdict on stabilization may be in dollars and cents, it is an historical fact that it was purely an emergency measure, dictated by extraordinary conditions. Its abandonment does not signalize, as many have suggested, the failure of the Agricultural Marketing Act.

DURING the two years in which stabilization, unfortunately, has been the focus of public interest, a great constructive work has gone forward in the organization of a national coöperative marketing system for agricultural products. I believe it is a fair statement to say that the achievements to date in this direction have been in every sense up to the expectation of those who labored for years to prepare the ground for the new national policy.

In the two years ending July 1, 1931, there was an increase of 33.4 per cent in the membership of farmers' coöperative selling organizations in the United States, and a concurrent increase of 28.8 per cent in the volume of products marketed through the coöperative system. Today there are approximately 250 regional or national coöperative marketing organizations in the country. Their combined affiliated member-

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ship aggregates some 800,000 farmers, which reduces, after allowances for duplications, to about ten per cent of the total number of farm families enumerated in the 1930 census. The total sales of these organizations in the last calendar year were in the neighborhood of $2,000,000,000, or about twenty per cent of the total of the national agricultural production. Coöperative sales in 1930 were four per cent greater than in 1929, despite a decline of eighteen per cent in the general index of farm prices in the two years.

Nor is this the whole measure of the progress of coöperative marketing since the Farm Board launched the new policy. While the great national sales organizations have been building up their membership and perfecting their business methods, new community units have been organizing at an accelerated rate. From the report of the Extension Service, United States Department of Agriculture, we learn that during the calendar year 1930, county agents assisted in the formation of no less than 1,685 new community coöperatives, against 1,124 during 1929. Thus, in two years there were established 2,809 new community pools of all types. Moreover, in a dozen Southern States, alone, some 55,000 farmers registered during these two years in special evening classes teaching the principles and practices of coöperative marketing.

In the grain coöperatives, some 4,000 farmers' elevator pools operated throughout the country in 1928, but only about 50,000,000 bushels of wheat were marketed through the coöperative machinery on terminal markets that year. Under the Farm Board programme the scattered selling efforts of these 4,000 pools have been centralized through the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, whose regional members last year placed a little more than 200,000,000 bushels of coöperative grain at terminal markets.

Similarly, in cotton, the combined membership of the community cooperatives was about 93,000 in the spring of 1929. Today the active affiliated membership of the American Cotton Coöperative Association is in excess of 160,000 farmers. In 1928 the cotton coöperatives marketed 1,163,000 bales and in 1930 a total of 2,312,000 bales, an increase of ninety-nine per cent in volume in two years. The 1930 receipts of the cotton coöperatives represented about seventeen per cent of the crop, against eight per cent handled cooperatively in 1928.

Even more striking are the results achieved in the marketing of wool. Here, the coöperatives handled about eight per cent of the clip in 1928, a total of approximately 20,000,000 pounds. Last year the National Wool Marketing Corporation, sponsored by the Farm Board, handled thirty-five per cent of the clip, or about 120,000,000 pounds, and more than eighty per cent of the mohair.

In live stock, the coöperative agencies handled four per cent more animals in 1930 than in 1928. Comparable figures might be cited for cheese, eggs, butter, grapes, citrus fruits, vegetables, apples and nuts. And twenty-one coöperative farm *purchasing* organizations handled $101,000,000 worth of supplies in 1930, an increase of twenty per cent over 1928.

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THE second great objective of the Farm Board's programme was the readjustment of acreage in wheat and cotton to the current trend of world demand. Winter wheat acreage in 1930 was ten per cent less than in 1929, and the United States cotton area this year was 5,500,000 acres less than the 1929 planting, a decrease of approximately twelve per cent. In the case of cotton, however, the average yield per acre for 1931 is estimated by the Department of Agriculture at 185.8 pounds, against a ten-year average of 154.4 pounds for the decade ending 1930. Unusually favorable weather throughout the growing season, therefore, has more than offset the two-year acreage reduction campaign, so far, at least, as concerns this year's harvest. But this is not the whole story, for the fact yet remains that the 5,500,000 acres taken out of cotton since 1929 have been planted to other crops — fruits, vegetables, live stock feeds. Thus, the diversification programme which, all cotton authorities agree, ultimately must provide the stable and balanced agriculture so greatly needed in the South already has been accomplished on about twelve per cent of the 1929 cotton area.

Furthermore, in unifying the scattered coöperative associations into strong national organizations, the Farm Board has established a closely-knit Belt-wide association of producers, and this has greatly facilitated work looking toward improvement of crop quality, decreased marketing costs and increased consumption. Through this system the cotton farmers are enabled to work together on their mutual problems, just as the lumber interests, the bankers, the railroads, the oil men and the shipping interests work together through their national trade associations. The incalculable value of this advance was forcefully presented recently in an address by Mr. E. F. Creekmoore, General Manager of the American Cotton Coöperative Association:

> We do not presume to say that the cotton grower's problems will be solved simply by a better marketing system, which will give him a larger share of the price the mill pays and a fair premium on the higher grades and staples. Overproduction and under-consumption, competition from abroad and other obstacles that hinder the grower's return to prosperity are deeply rooted. But the untangling of these obstacles can best be achieved by the planned, united action of the farmers themselves, working through the coöperative associations.

PERHAPS the most important direct contribution of the coöperative marketing associations to the advancement of orderly marketing of cotton has been realized through the establishment of Government-licensed classers at some 150 country markets throughout the Cotton Belt. Since the value of cotton depends upon the length of the fibre as well as upon character and color, careful classing by scientifically trained experts is a fundamental consideration in the determination of true market values. Fibre lengths vary by one-sixteenth of an inch in the standard market grades, which means that classing never is a job for an amateur. Indeed, years of experience are necessary before a man can "pull a sample" from a bale and merely by rolling it in his fingers determine whether the fibre is thirteen-sixteenths of an inch, or seven-

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eighths of an inch, long. Yet this matter of one-sixteenth of an inch may mean from three to five dollars' difference in the true market value of the bale.

Before the advent of the Government-licensed classers at the country markets the street buyers were, on the whole, only a little more qualified to determine actual spot values than the growers themselves. A report published by the United States Department of Agriculture last April embodied a survey made in Oklahoma in 1927–28 to determine to what extent cotton growers were paid equitable premiums for preferred grades and staples. This report concluded:

> No premiums were received by growers for staple lengths longer than seven-eighths inch. The average price received by growers for seven-eighths inch cotton was as great, or greater, than that received for any other staple length. Compared with central market prices, individual farmers in Oklahoma were, in effect, penalized for producing higher grades and longer staples and paid a bonus for producing the lower grades and shorter staples. This practice made it impossible for individual growers to realize the full benefits of their relative advantage for producing high-quality cotton.

With these facts before us it is not difficult to understand why the quality of American cotton has been declining steadily for twenty years, until today average foreign growths are really in direct competition with the bulk of the American crop. In 1928, for example, approximately eighteen per cent of the United States cotton crop was untenderable on futures contracts in the great exchange markets. And the following year 24.3 per cent of the entire crop was untenderable. So long as the favored Southern grower could not realize his due economic reward for superior quality — a reward, be it noted, which always has been paid at every phase of the movement beyond the primary markets — he found no incentive to improve his yield with selected seed, fertilizers and intensive cultivation. Under the coöperative marketing system Government-licensed classers mark every bale received in the country towns just as if they were classing for mill consignment or export at New Orleans, Dallas, Houston, New York or Memphis. Thus, the premium for superior quality goes to the farmer, and every grower thereby is given a compelling economic incentive constantly to improve his cotton. Similar systems of rigid standard grading have been extended in like manner to the actual producers of wheat, wool, tobacco and other farm products now moving in the coöperative marketing system.

THE coöperative organizations realize that no business is better than its management. They are striving constantly for improved methods. Their motives in this quest are identical with those which impel all other business organizations to seek ever greater efficiency — increased profits for stockholders. Nor do the coöperative managers believe that wealth may be created by the mere passage of a law. Rather, their concerted energies are directed to the great problem of all business — to bring about a fair margin of profit between the cost of production and the selling price, without at the same time stimulating excessive production.

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This may be accomplished, the coöperative interests believe, by strict adherence to tested business methods — (1) reducing marketing costs, (2) insuring payment of going market prices to the grower for superior quality, (3) improving crop quality generally and (4) regulating the year-around flow to market so as to avoid seasonal gluts and consequent cut-throat competition under the pressure of storage and demurrage charges.

These methods, all business men will agree, I am sure, are not wild panaceas from the plains and prairies. They are, rather, the acknowledged and accepted methods of established business. The historical significance of the Agricultural Marketing Act is that it marks as national policy the general application of these tested principles to the business of the farmer.

Such, then, is the broad outline of the road we have been traveling since 1929. It has been at times a rugged and trying journey. There have been some arresting mistakes, both in policy and execution. But what great enterprise can boast a faultless record during the two years? The errors of the coöperative managers have been more conspicuous, I believe, principally because their business generally is conducted in the show-window of public affairs.

But despite the errors and occasional groping, I review the whole accomplishment with a sincere feeling that a great constructive work has been securely planted on a firm and lasting foundation. And as a prophecy I venture this single observation, born of some twenty years' intimate contact with agricultural marketing: the great outstanding fact in more than fifty years history of farm-marketing coöperation in America, and nearly a hundred years in Europe, is that nowhere is there to be found a record of any substantial number of producers going back to privately controlled or speculative marketing once they have experienced the advantages of selling their products through the coöperative system.

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New Heaven and New Earth

By Geoffrey Dennis

Every day they change in size, and shape and speed. Every day, with fairy-tale suddenness and splendor, they show a new face and a new soul.

Einstein's Whole is a cylinder, a great rolling-pin, so many billions of parsecs long, so many billions of parsecs round; De Sitter's is a sphere, a wild cosmic orange, so many billions of light years across.

The rest of us stare and wonder and, ignorant all of us, incline to believe.

Here in this short article it is desired to offer a few marginal considerations touching the present-day cosmogonies: earth and heaven as contemporary science has fashioned them. Of late these cosmogonies have imperiously seized the layman's fancy, in every sense of the word become popular. It is not proposed to discuss the schemes and theories in detail, nor even their broadest philosophical implications; still less the technical-mathematical problems nor the rock-bottom metaphysics involved. I am competent to discuss none of these, and seek only to offer a few remarks about how the outside of the new heavenly sciences strikes a non-scientific outsider without knowledge, training or experience.

The first point of all is that this subject — these books — this group of sciences — *is* popular. The group, I mean, that sweeps (in a world-line of majestic non-Euclidean splendor) through space-time from physics via relativity to astronomy. There has been nothing to match it since the first post-Darwin decades when Haeckel and Huxley disthroned God the Father, made apes paternal in His stead, and sold into seven figures. So to-day, Sir James Jeans is a best-seller, the Earl Russell and Professor Eddington are oracles, even Whitehead and Alexander have disciples among the multitude, and Einstein is a great high priest. In what I write I shall be thinking most often of the less technical volumes to the names of Eddington and Jeans, the most truly popular of them all, and therefore for our purpose the most significant.

Why are they so popular? Some of the reasons are trivial, irrelevant to fundamentals, or rather may be deemed so.

I would put as first reason the literary and explanatory talent of the chief popularizers, their gift of exposition, their gift of English. They write cleanly and clearly. I reject entirely a view I heard expressed the other day, that Sir James

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Jeans is no more than Sir Robert Ball up to date, providing simple science for the simple, juggling acceptably with the jargon of the moment. That is merely not true. Apart from the difference in technical authority, intellectual grasp and firmness of outlook, the new vulgarizators are, as regards presentation, description, persuasion, purpose, effect, in a different universe — much more different, I think, than the universes they portray — from good friendly Sir Robert's magic-lantern lectures and dear lovable Camille Flammarion's exclamation marks and gush and froth. This point of their writing ability is important; for while enabling them to present difficult matters to the multitude (us all) and so shape the general thought of their time, it has also secured for them the kindly approval and patronage of the literary pundits (those few) who are so powerful in hindering or helping the march of non-literary movements, artistic, political, and scientific alike.

What applies to the great English vulgarizators of the hour, applies, with not much less force — though the English are, I think, just now the best of all — to their French and American and German opposite numbers. Nordmann and others across the Channel, a host of popular books and university monographs across the Ocean, say their new cosmic say for all to understand.

With the cosmogonists' great talent as writers and teachers, contrasting with it and heightening it, is to be put the lack of such talent displayed by most of the expounders of most other modern sciences. Biology — cosmogony's chief could-be rival in present-day appeal — biology in particular is ill-served by its would-be vulgarizators. Vulgar all right they are, in style as in temperament. Cocksure all right they are, and ungrammatical. A recent volume, cried up to the blue skies by the leaders of biology, or at least of biological journalism, as equalling More, Voltaire, I know not whom else, was at best as dull and characterless a réchauffé of text-book facts and pseudo-facts as the eighth-class mind of a complacent and illiterate little atheist could contrive. The simplest rules of grammar were ignored, the simplest sense of God denied. This young author's ideal (as of almost all of them, one or two of the professional biologists indeed excelling him) is Wells at his worst. Wells at his worst.

The anthropologists are of a better stripe altogether; but chance to have no leader who combines wide appeal with wide authority. By contrast, therefore, with the exponents of these and some other sciences, as well as by positive merit, the Jeanses and the Eddingtons find it easy to hold the field.

The second reason I suggest for astronomy-cosmogony's present primacy of popularity consists in the special handicaps, weaknesses inherent (not incidental such as their spokesmen's scant gifts), that at the moment happen to hamper its fellow-sciences. Chemistry has gone into business, turned wholly technical-industrial; in its latter phase is altogether too common-sense, too much of the earth-earthy, to appeal victoriously to either heart or head. Geology, that was always of the earth-earthy, has lost even its old

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attraction of blasphemy, of anti-Pentateuchal naughtiness, now gone over *en bloc* to biology. Psychology, on the other hand, is not common-sense *enough* to make wide appeal to the saner multitude; and savors too much of the brothel (the baser Austro-Hebraic disciples of Austro-Hebraic Freud) and of bedlam (the wilder behaviorists of American college culture). Biology itself has against it many various drawbacks, creditable and discreditable. It hurts man's vanity, it scorns God's grace. It is arrived at a stage of uncertainty and sharp inward conflict; its byways and undercurrents are innumerable, and muddling, and muddled. It makes outrageous assumptions; it displays ambitions quite disproportionate to its achievements. It is the scientific last ditch of anti-religious bias — a bias which, fortunately or unfortunately, the human race as a whole does not share. Over against it, astronomy has also the valuable advantage of decency. You can't say to your little daughter, "Gaze at the generative process!" You *can* say to her, "Behold the heavens!" Venus the goddess is pornography, Venus the star is pure.

As third reason I put the definite anti-materialistic trend of the newest physics, now finally divorced from Haeckel, Bradlaugh, Foote, Ingersoll and other such husbands. Max Planck makes the material world less material. Heisenberg plumps for indeterminacy not predestination. In thermodynamics good luck ousts iron law. Bohr and Born lift up a ψ-starred banner against Calvin and all other enemies of the soul's freedom. Lemaître is a priest, Eddington is on the side of the angels. In simplest statement, the new cosmic physics has withdrawn its time-honored support from deterministic law and materialist monopoly: *the electrons may jump either way.*

My last reason should have been the first. Cosmogony alone of the sciences ministers adequately to man's aesthetic instinct, his soul-curiosity as well as his mind-curiosity, his sense of the terrible Infinite.

Such are some of an uninformed layman's explanations of this science's appeal to uninformed laymen. Of its separate glory as a monument to human intelligence, industry and devotion, a glory reflected in different degrees on England, Germany, America, France, the little countries, all countries, I do not propose to speak. Nor of its achievements in themselves: whether intensive, as regarding the structure of the atom, or extensive, as fixing the margent of space and time; whether as illuminating the inward properties of light, or drawing the outward shape of the universe of darkness. A man who merely despises the manifold discoveries of the last twenty-five years, in all their range and subtlety, such a man is surely himself despicable.

Our questions come from another angle, outside the intellectual sphere, outside the technical, outside the metaphysical also. Our chief question is this: the fantastic development of these sciences since the century turned, since the War ended, how much has it done for mankind, his spiritual welfare, his intellectual unity, his clear seeing of himself and non-self? How much nearer truth and reality and final value are

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Jeans and Eddington than Flammarion and Ball? A little, we think — as, for instance, in the desertion of determinacy — but only a very little.

The sphere of interest has certainly widened. Count the number of chapters on the solar system and on the stars in any astronomical book published forty years ago and any astronomical book published yesterday. The centre of interest has certainly shifted. Earth is in a galactic backwater, and the nodal point of their studies now follows the careering nebulae. Count the number of the stars themselves. It has grown beyond measure; they are enrolled by billions, not millions. Distances have grown still more; they are reckoned in parsecs, not trillions. Time is longer. The cosmos is larger. There is much more of everything. Number, triumphant to new *n*ths, is all-ascendant.

What of it? A bigger universe, with more stars in its far-curved garment, and that garment spread wider — what improvement, what extra significance, what greater verity, what use? Size, quantity, number; do these contain virtue in themselves? (The mystical, Pythagorean virtue of Number they all deny.) This microscopic and macroscopic megalomania — whither leads it? In what sense does "more" spell "better"?

"We are drawing plans and laying foundations for a longer future than we can well imagine," says Jeans, as the last sentence of his best-known book. What hope in that poor comparative? What meaning, what advantage, in having fifty million years ahead of us instead of five thousand — if in the end the End must yet come?

And the End, they all say, must come. End of the earth: by cold, they believe mostly — fire, flood, drought are out of fashion; collision not in serious favor — but final, anyway, and disposing forever of the children of men. End of the universe: by heat, they declare unanimously, by calorific equalization, degradation, entropy; by the pitiless ineluctable *Wärmetod*. In virtue of a thermodynamic "law" their brains have evolved — who, Saviour, evolved their brains? — they have condemned the universe to death.

Now this law, perfect no doubt within its own technical prison, that holds "the supreme position among the laws of Nature," against which opposing theories have "no hope," is one the human mind and human heart alike reject, that hangs without foothold in the logic of the brain or of the soul.

The soul rebels.

The Universe *shall* not die! Space shall be infinite. That whole cosmos of theirs, which embraces the uttermost nebulae, which sweeps a thousand million times wider than the trillion-mile pitiful corner seen from Mount Wilson, around which light, swiftest of all things, takes one hundred thousand million years to travel, it is but a bubble enwombed in the ether, in empty ether stretching out to infinity. And entropy of infinity is a phrase that has no sense — no, not even in transcendental physics. The law of degradation breaks down. We are saved.

Light can reconstitute matter; can build up stars to start all over again. It is last year's newest evangel.

Entropy is only an average, a probability, and so must sometimes fail; as sometimes heat does pass from cold nebulae to warmer stars, as one day those apes will ride the Tempest, and red outrun black even till it break the heavenly bank.

If *Wärmetod* must happen, why has it not happened already, happened always? If the calorific stillness were inevitable it must,

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unless the fundamental laws have changed, unless temperature was once infinitely irregular — which is not sense, no not even in thermodynamics — have come long ago, been eternally. There must always have been entropy; there can never have been a Universe. Yet one is there; *here.**

In its supremest suggestion the new cosmogony breaks down. For, despite it, the universe is here.

And if it is wrong in its most ultimate effort, its basic theory of cosmic destiny, we are driven to doubt all its theories, to ask whether the facts on which it generalizes are not far too few, to ask whether they are facts at all, to ask what facts are.

The whole physical world is a mirage; their clockwork construction is but a mirage of that mirage.

In the realm of politics, the results of the scientists' pronouncements are curious, and of doubtful value; not perhaps chiefly through the scientists' own fault. The postponement of man's death sentence, a paltry consolation if ever there was — a mere numerical increase in the number of æons (minutes) we have in which to strive (for nothing) — has been seized upon by the sociological and political optimists as an argument for Progress: because we have more time to progress in. The principle of indeterminacy, an ethically neutral principle if ever there was, has been seized upon with no less speed and glee by the ethical optimists as an argument for Moral Progress; because the electrons, being free to choose how they jump must naturally jump in the direction of Virtue. For good or evil, with justification or without it, modern physics is being used as an arsenal by statesmen and sociologists and philosophers whose policy, for evil or good, without justification or with it, is based on the theory of human perfectibility.

It is curious. Eternal Death is hardly a shining goal of hope.

From one present-day scientific belief, hope for or at least pride in the human race follows more naturally. This is the one belief which, as against the view of a generation ago, presents a diminution, not an increase, in number; namely, in the number of living beings in the universe. Man is now being made rarer again, and so more important. In 1880 the cosmos was held to be full from end to end of conscious life, physical and mental, and man did not therefore count for very much, so usual, so ubiquitous, so infinitesimal was he. In 1931 life is adjudged rare, occurring maybe on one heavenly body in a million, on a favored "freak formation" here and there; it is "more of a rarity than our fathers thought" say even the most conservative; it is here on the earth only, proclaim many, rejoining Aristotle and Plato, and the Eternal Church. Man is unique in the cosmos, and so may rightly take pride.

Pride perhaps; but hope? Of cause for hope in the individual heart, this science offers little, or of means to assuage fear, or mitigate misery. Nothing for man's needs, or God's; no joy, no solace; no palest explanation of the Mystery.

Here at the last we arrive at the major distinction and merit of the new science, which separates it from all Nineteenth Century systems. Like them it does nothing to

* *The End of the World.* By Geoffrey Dennis. (Simon and Schuster.)

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explain the Mystery; but, unlike them, it allows, admits, almost insists, that there is one; and confesses, with a modesty that biology (for instance) has yet to learn, that it can itself do nothing to explain it. The physicists now declare roundly that Reality — whatever that is — is elsewhere, and their whole constructional universe of physics but a shadow of it. Eddington writes:

> The frank realization that physical science is concerned with a world of shadows is one of the most significant of recent advances.

and again:

> The symbolic nature of the entities of physics is generally recognized; and the scheme of physics is now formulated in such a way as to make it almost self-evident that it is a partial aspect of something wider. . . . This is not merely a philosophic doctrine to which intellectual assent might be given, but has become part of the scientific attitude of the day, illustrated in detail in the current scheme of physics.

They now declare roundly that the Reality is not only elsewhere than, but something more fundamental than, science, which itself is able to answer none of man's first questions. Jeans thought with a mind much less open than Eddington's to the artistic and religious meaning of "the Universe around him," even Jeans says:

> It is rare indeed for science to give a final "Yes" or "No" answer to any question propounded to her. When we are able to put a question in such a definite form that either of those answers could be given in reply, we are generally already in a position to supply the answer ourselves.

and also:

> It is difficult to form even the remotest conception of the realities underlying all these phenomena. The recent branch of physics known as "wave-mechanics" is at present groping after an understanding, but so far progress has been in the direction of coördinating observed phenomena rather than in getting down to realities. Indeed, it may be doubted whether we shall ever properly understand the realities ultimately involved; they may well be so fundamental as to be beyond the grasp of the human mind.

This frank and whole-hearted recognition by the leaders of science of the limits, the tiny limits, of their special world, this their recognition that that world is but one aspect (metrical, notational, mathematical-symbolical) of the Whole World, is now the chief fact about science at all, and the most important since long ago, in private heart or public practice, it first struck out a separate pathway from religion.

This recognition may be, as some think, its weakness, a sign of metaphysical error, atavistic sentimentality, cowardly truckling to the priests, abject abasement before the gods; or, as we think, its strength, the courageous avowal by the brain of its lord the spirit, the natural submission of the part to the whole.

What is the Whole?

Whether we believe it to have a spirit or to be a spirit, whether it should most truly be described as the Soul of God or as His Body, whether it be the dream or the dream's Dreamer, that I do not know. If any one — this side Paradise — knows, it is not the scientists but the saints.

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The White God Cracks

By Wayne Gard

Our chaotic age is reflected in the changing status of the white race

Those who believe that the future of civilization depends upon the maintenance of white supremacy have had several alarms lately. Recent census figures show the colored races growing considerably faster than the whites. And now Lord Irwin, who has just ended five years' service as Viceroy and Governor-General of India declares that in that wealthy land the prestige of the white man has gone forever.

Certainly Lord Irwin, of all people, had opportunity to enjoy whatever vestige of supremacy might remain for the white man in the East. Surrounded by regal trappings beside which those of George V would seem like small-town circus properties, the viceroy ruled with the pomp of a Mogul emperor or a Kublai Khan. Yet he knew, even if his superiors in London did not, that his authority was scarcely more than a paper shell. The real power had vanished. Much of it had gone to a scrawny, brown-skinned man who wore only a cotton loin cloth and subsisted — often in jail — on a meagre diet of milk and fruit.

What Lord Irwin told his fellow Conservatives in England is wholly true, and it holds for all the Orient. In a sense, it always has been true, for the white man never was worshipped by the Asiatic to quite the degree he imagined. Kipling's *Man Who Would Be King* and Conrad's *Lord Jim* lost in the end the advantage which their white skins had gained. And in real life the white man's prestige often has depended more upon guns than upon the awe of a supposedly reverential people.

Take, for instance, the case of Philip de Brito. This Portuguese buccaneer came in 1600 to the Talaing town of Syriam, in what is now lower Burma. Appointed by an Arrakanese king as a local governor, he quickly turned traitor, drove out the Arrakanese, and held the king's son for ransom. Later he desecrated the nearby Buddhist pagodas, stripping them of their jewels and gold, and forced the Talaings to accept Christianity. Yet these people looked upon him not as a god but as a vulnerable devil. In 1613 they tied him high on a pole in front of his own house, where he died after three days of agony.

There has been, of course, an awe of the white man in the East, a

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respect engendered by his scientific contrivances and his genius for social organization. Even his arrogance often has had the intended effect of intimidation. But all that is gone now. When the Oriental salaams the white man today, he does not intend this gesture as an abasement toward one of superior caste. Often his politeness is the disguise of contempt or hatred; he is quietly biding his time until he can push the white man entirely out.

LORD IRWIN attributes the loss of the white man's prestige to three causes: the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese, the use of Indian troops against white men in the World War, and the influence of motion pictures in the East. These factors, plus the spread of nationalism and industrialism, have dimmed the white man's star.

The Russo-Japanese War was not the first instance in which Asiatics had seen white troops routed by those of darker skin; the annihilation of a British army by Afghans in 1842 encouraged the Indians to mutiny fifteen years later. Japan's quick defeat of Russia in 1904–05 was, however, a devastating blow to white prestige and one which could not be hidden. Japan's victory and her subsequent development as a major industrial and naval power have heartened nationalist leaders throughout the Orient.

The final doom of white supremacy came with the World War and its consequent social upheavals. The use of Indian and Arab troops against white men was one factor. These imported fighters saw that the white soldiers succumbed to bullets and bayonets as easily as did the blacks and browns, and with no more courage. They realized that white people were unable to keep peace among themselves; they concluded that Christianity was the religion of the machine gun. They were made aware, too, of the dependence of the whites upon colored — and supposedly inferior — allies.

Moreover, to insure loyalty in their Eastern colonies and to gain support for their military campaigns, European powers gave promises which their failure to fulfill led to serious trouble after the war. At various times during the conflict, David Lloyd George and other spokesmen for the Allies assured the Islamic world that the holy places of their religion would not be molested or placed under Christian rule and that Turkish territory would not be delimited. In addition, it was announced in Parliament in 1917 that the British Government intended to introduce legislation for the "gradual development of self-governing institutions" and the "progressive realization of responsible government" in India.

The promises to Islam were broken notoriously in the treaty of Sèvres, announced in May, 1920. And, although the rise of the formidable Khilafat movement forced three years later, in the treaty of Lausanne, a partial restoration of territory and the ending of foreign interference in Turkish affairs, the Moslem people continued to nurse grievances. The white man, it appeared, had no hesitance over breaking his promises.

The promise to India brought even more tragic consequences. India had responded instantly and whole-

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heartedly to the calls for arms and money. M. K. Gandhi, who was in England when the War began, had volunteered for ambulance work, and, when sickness took him back to India, he had engaged vigorously in a recruiting campaign. When the War was over, India naturally expected fulfillment of the promise of home rule.

But the India act of 1919, commonly referred to as the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, proved little more than a sham. The paper legislature it set up was scarcely more than a debating society; the real authority of the Government remained with the English viceroy. The new constitution soon proved unworkable. Since then, dominion status has been specifically promised to India — but only in some distant and hazy future. As a result, the Hindu, like the Mohammedan, has lost faith in the white man's word.

In parts of the East, the War also harmed white prestige by letting loose a multitude of European beggars and other floaters. To the Chinaman, who regards the beggar as an outcast, it was disillusioning to have thousands of Russian refugees limping along his streets with outstretched hands. Where, he asked, was the white man's vaunted economic superiority?

Some Americans may have been surprised at Lord Irwin's mention of motion pictures as a principal factor in the loss of white prestige in the Orient, yet this influence has done much to blast the myth of Occidental superiority. Many Asiatic people, of course, have had private opinions of the mentality and the morals of their white masters all along, but the movies have made this iconoclastic conception of Western virtue almost universal.

The Chinaman or the Indian who was taught that the white man was a tin god soon learned differently from the Hollywood films, and his deference soured to contempt. He learned that the white man, in his own country, was not too dignified to throw pies, get drunk, smash automobiles, and otherwise make a fool of himself. He saw white women pictured as vampires, strumpets, and faithless wives. He observed Westerners acting not from motives of intelligence but from those of elemental emotion. He saw murder pictured as an almost everyday practice.

Failing to realize that most white people are not like those on the screen, the Eastern movie fan not only was disillusioned but, in addition, received a warped impression of Occidental life. The movies thus added greatly to other influences which led him to think of Europe as a decadent, ill-smelling continent and of America as the home of clowns and crooks, racketeers and lynchers.

To his three causes for the white man's loss of prestige, Lord Irwin might well have added the spread of nationalism and industrialism from the West. The schoolboy in Manila or Shanghai who studies the American Declaration of Independence can not but want to apply its principles to his own country. And the Calcutta student who analyzes Edmund Burke's speech on conciliation with America is unavoidably inspired to help set his nation free.

This new nationalism of the East

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is economic as well as political. The Oriental is determined to spin and weave his own cotton, to exploit his own mineral deposits, to manage his own river and coastal shipping. And in gaining these ends, he has instituted one of the most effective economic weapons — the boycott.

The white man's loss of prestige in the East is not due to any degeneration on his part; Western colonialism is now more nearly just, more nearly humane than ever before. But the Oriental is catching up at those points at which his civilization has lagged. He now demands equality, and his getting it is only a matter of time.

The British massacre of defenseless Indians at Amritsar in 1919 and the shooting of protesting students and workers in the streets of Shanghai by foreign policemen in 1925 were epochal events which inflamed millions against the foreign whites. The white people in the East today realize that they remain there by the sufferance of the Orientals, not by any white "dominion over palm and pine" planned by an omniscient deity.

But what of the Christian missionary — does he not bolster the white man's sagging reputation? Far from it. Today the missionary in the so-called "backward" countries is looked upon with almost as much suspicion as the governor and the trader, and his work has been made extremely difficult. Never welcomed with the enthusiasm he suggests when raising funds in the homeland, the missionary is now condemned as the advance agent of the foreign soldier and the greedy industrialist.

In China, the suspicion that missionaries would be followed by Western soldiers was expressed early in the Eighteenth Century by Yung Cheng, who, at the beginning of his reign, was petitioned by Chinese scholars to convert the churches to "other and better uses." "You wish," the emperor said to the missionaries, "that all the Chinese would become Christians, and indeed your creed commands it. I am well aware of this, but in that event what would become of us? Should we not soon merely be the subjects of your kings?"

For a long period, the saying that "trade follows the flag" had as its corollary, "the flag follows the Cross." The severing of this informal relationship is being made only after the connection with government and commerce has begun to embarrass the missionaries and to hinder their work. Missionaries were little concerned over the injustice of China's "unequal treaties," involving special protection for themselves and other foreigners in China until the present revolution suddenly forced them either to side with the Chinese or to lose their remaining influence.

In India, the nationalist has little use for the missionary who accepts half his school funds from the British Government and thus is unable to express any sympathy with the home-rule movement. He resents being taxed to support a foreign religion, and he is indignant at being required — upon entering the churches of several denominations — to show reverence by removing his head scarf instead of by the more normal Oriental custom of removing his sandals.

Most of the missionaries have

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changed their tactics in recent years. Scarcely any of them now shows the narrowness of Adoniram Judson, who prescribed in detail the clothing of his women assistants and allowed no converts to be baptized until they had given up all their jewelry. Yet the missionary is by nature intolerant. He opposes Eastern religions and philosophies which he has made no attempt to understand. He exhibits, even though unconsciously, the white man's pharisiac attitude.

In China, where the Christian population never has exceeded three-fourths of one per cent of the inhabitants, the number of Christians has been decreasing. It now takes a salaried missionary from two to four years to make one convert. And, with the nationalization of the mission schools, which the Nanking Government is bringing about as rapidly as its authority and its funds allow, the opportunity for proselyting seems bound to lessen. Both in China and in India, many nationalist leaders appreciate the useful educational and medical work which some missionaries have carried on, but, generally speaking, they would prefer that the whole missionary organization return home and work on the Alphonse Capones and the Albert B. Falls.

TODAY the white resident among the darker races realizes that a new spirit is in the air. The downtrodden are determined to remain underfoot no longer. Democracy never has been an Oriental ideal, but, in spite of caste systems that still exist, democracy has become a battle cry throughout the East. Whatever local customs may prevail, these people now contend, there must be democracy among the nations and among the races. There must be no more colonial despotism, no more draining of Asia's wealth to Europe and America.

Thus the Oriental demands his rights, and if they are not readily conceded he is determined to capture them either by force or by the baffling methods of boycott and civil disobedience. The East African chiefs are calling for representation in the legislative councils, the Filipinos are seeking political autonomy, the Indians are trying to gain immediately the promised dominion status, and the Chinese are abrogating their treaties granting extraterritorial privileges to foreign powers. There is little doubt that the remaining yokes of these colored peoples will eventually be cast off. The day of freedom may not arrive as soon as some of the patriots now anticipate, but it is sure to come.

Does this mean that the white man must withdraw his enterprise to his own lands and must eventually fall a victim to the territorial needs of rapidly growing colored races? Not necessarily, though the question is pertinent. Most of those who were alarmed a decade ago by Lothrop Stoddard's book on *The Rising Tide of Color* have been calmed by now, but just recently the head of the statistical department of the world's largest insurance company conditionally predicted world supremacy for the Asiatic races.

The basis for such a prophecy is in the fact that the white races are limiting their propagation, whereas those of darker skin generally continue to have families of maximum

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size. In India, where the British still allow children of six to ten years to toil twelve to fourteen hours for a daily wage of four cents, the population has increased by thirty million in the last decade. Japan, which has doubled its population in less than two generations, now has 64,800,000 inhabitants in a land smaller than California, in an area only one-sixth of which is cultivable.

This situation leads those concerned over Nordic supremacy to fear that immigration barriers can not permanently prevent growing races from bursting geographic bonds and invading fertile territory which has been more thinly occupied. In such a case, would not the white man and his standard of living be snuffed out?

From a more objective point of view, however, there seems little cause for alarm. In the future, as in the past, the fittest are most likely to survive. And if the colored races prove to be the most fit a thousand years hence, why should that possibility worry any one now? Can anybody prove that the white race, despite its destructive wars and its even more deadly automobiles, is really superior? The white peoples are hardly in a position to judge racial merits impartially. And if the Caucasian proves unable to hold his current position, nothing the present generation of Americans and Europeans can do will head off the white downfall.

Moreover, there is no certainty that the Asiatic races will continue to grow at their present rate. The Orient is rapidly being invaded by Western conveniences and luxuries which raise the standard of living. And a higher standard can hardly exist in the same house with an unlimited family.

Today the supposedly backward peoples are having new desires whetted. The Asian householder wants an automobile and a radio. His wife wants a sewing machine and an electric refrigerator. His children want to attend expensive schools. These advantages can not be obtained except by limiting the size of the family, and when the choice is fully understood, it seems inevitable that the colored races, like the whites, will turn to contraception.

The determination of the Asiatic peoples to guide their own destiny does not mean that they want to exclude foreign influences and cut off foreign contacts. They are as anxious as the Western peoples to develop international trade and to avail themselves of whatever they can learn from the experiences of other nations. What has happened in Japan will happen elsewhere in Asia. The prophecy of Theodore Roosevelt that a Pacific era would supersede the Atlantic era, just as the latter displaced that in which the Mediterranean was the centre of commerce, is nearing fulfillment.

The white man doubtless will continue to have profitable contacts with the Orient. But he will not go there as a sharper, a despot, or a Pharisee; instead, he will seek a mutually advantageous exchange of commodities and ideas. Once the white man sought to make the Asian cringe and to bleed him of his possessions. That day, as Lord Irwin correctly declared, is gone forever.

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Ella Bernes

By John Lineaweaver

A Story

There was some around the lot used to kid with Ella Bernes. They'd hang out down behind her house-car, evenings before performance time, and try to get her talking.

I never did. There was something about her. I don't know what. Her eyes maybe, that way they had of looking right on through you, like you wasn't no more'n one of them painted figgers on her banner. Or the dirt of her maybe, that mess of greasy bleached hair and the powder sticking in the holes of her crusty neck. Or that crazy sing-song she was always talking to them snakes of hers. . . . Something about her anyhow that give me the creeps. There's no other way to say it — give me the creeps.

Not that I ever actually took exception to Ella, you understand. I didn't. You couldn't, when you come right down to it, because there was nothing about her to really take exception to. She didn't pest around the cookhouse, shooting off her face about the chance she'd got to play the Island, like some, for instance. Didn't try to chisel in on anybody else's trade, or start scraps with the women, or anything like that. She just kept to herself, quietlike, never talking, seeming like she was always waiting for something that never come along.

When she first come on the lot the gossip went around she was half Cherokee. After I got to know her and watched her work her reps a couple times, I had to believe it. Only an Indian could have kept to herself like that, if you understand what I mean. And only an Indian could have handled snakes like Ella could.

There wasn't anything about a snake that Ella didn't know. I'll give her that all right. Some of them stunts she used to pull I never seen the like of. No, and never expect to. I remember one time in Franksville, Texas, I think it was. A smart-aleck farm hand come in. He had a leather bag across his shoulder, sewed shut with cow-hide. He swung it in Ella's face a second, smiling all over. Then he drops it at her feet. "They's a seven-foot diamond-back in there, sister," he says. "If you can handle that varmint I'll say you're a snake charmer — not until." Ella went on with her lecture from where he'd busted in just like he wasn't there at all. When she was done she picks up

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a knife as casual as you please. Before you could wink an eye she has that bag slit down the side.

What happened after that I guess I'll never know for sure. There was a flash and a kind of spitting, hissing racket. Then Ella's straightening up, holding that there killer out to us, its body wrapped around her arm clear up above the elbow.

"That's a mighty nice attraction," was all she says. "Thanks."

Well, handling snakes was always Ella's strongest suit. But she knowed how to show 'em too. She had the reputation of keeping a crowd longer than any pit-showman in our outfit. And her crowds weren't all hicks neither — you can bet your biggest flash on that. Every so often one of them guys that studies snakes for a business would come in. They'd ask Ella questions, try to show her up. They never could. Ella was right there, giving 'em back as good as they give her every time.

So that's how I knowed what *he* was that night he come in. A snake guy. He had the look: skinny, pale-faced, neat-dressed, wearing glasses. I'd come in to look over Ella's latest shipment; it was always a treat to see her break 'em in; and I didn't pay no attention to him till he spoke.

"Pardon me, Madame," was what he says. "Did I understand you to say in your — ah — extremely instructive talk a few minutes ago that that moccasin you were handling has its fangs?"

Ella was cleaning off a blanket with a rag and she went right ahead, not looking up. "You did," she says.

"Pardon me, Madame," he starts again. "But I —"

"'You heard me right', I said," Ella cuts in. "The snake's fangs is in."

"Ah yes. I see. . . . And the venom sack?"

"I don't work fixed snakes."

"And the venom sack! Well, well. Now that *is* interesting, I'm sure."

Ella glanced up then and she didn't look no different. Except her eyes. Her eyes was queer.

"I said I don't work fixed snakes," she says in a dead flat voice.

The professor stretched his mouth. It was supposed to be a smile, I guess, but it was the meanest try I ever saw. It made me want to push that sneakin' rat face of his in just to look at it. And it wasn't aimed my way. It was meant for Ella.

"Oh dear me now," he says, smirking all over and waving his hands around. "You mustn't misunderstand, you know. You really mustn't." He had a little skinny stick of a cane in one hand and he reached out and tapped Ella's shoulder with it. "I haven't questioned the — ah — sincerity of your statement at all," he says. "I really haven't, you know. Not at all. Oh dear me, no. It's merely that in my own — ah — profession, I have had occasion, oh more than once, to handle these particular specimens, these 'cotton-mouths,' as I believe *you* people term them, and — ah — well, I have never before encountered any one who laid claim, as we might say — seemed so reckless without — ah — good reason. . . ."

There was another bucketful along that line but I wasn't listening. I was watching Ella. All the time he talked she just stood there, holding on to that there rag. When he stopped for a second she didn't say a thing.

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Or even move. Her eyes was getting queerer and queerer, though. They was getting to look almost like a snow-bird's. . . . And then it happened.

One second she was standing there, holding on to that rag, like I said. The next — well the next her hand was in the box and the snake was hanging off the professor's arm.

I never did see how he took it, what he looked like. The second she tossed that snake I jumped like dynamite had hit me. I heard a dizzy sort of noise come out of him — leastways I guess it was him. Then something knocked me up against the pit side and the one woman that had been in the place breezed past.

When I got back my breath he was just standing there, stiff-legged, whimpering kind of, and white around the nostrils. He was staring down at his wrist and I seen two little bubbles of blood on it.

"You better run for a doctor, Joe," I heard Ella say and I looked at her. She was *laughing*. "I can give him the serum," she laughs, "but down home we always called 'em twenty-minute snakes . . . you can't tell. . . ."

Then I was running. I guess I never did run like that. But I wasn't after no doctor. Not me. Doctor be blowed, I thinks to myself. I know what's good for me.

Out that tent I scooted, down the midway, in and out them crowds, till I got to the railroad, and there I climbed the first freight handy.

That was the season I was travelling with the Farms Brothers Model Shows of America. I often wonder what come of Ella.

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More Dust

By Frank E. Gaebelein

A Reply to Dr. Barnes and Modern Agnosticism

In the October issue of The North American Review Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes has contributed "a few critical reflections" upon my recent *Evangelical's Defense*. No one who has read both articles will deny that Dr. Barnes's reply has the merit of relevancy and effective expression. Nevertheless, it is such a striking example of the attitude of the modern who boldly does away with historic Christianity on grounds which, while they undoubtedly seem to him adequate, are plainly the result of presupposition and one-way thinking, that I welcome the opportunity of reply.

It is comparatively easy to turn a clever phrase, and Dr. Barnes's effective title, *Throwing Dust*, so aptly describes his own article that it is difficult to refrain from continuing the discussion under a similar head. Seriously, however, I trust that this time I may persuade even Dr. Barnes that I am engaged in an occupation somewhat more praiseworthy than that of "throwing dust" in the metaphorical eyes of my readers.

Dr. Barnes begins by noting my "touching affection for hard, even harsh, facts." Apparently he finds it rather difficult to take seriously this affinity, for he immediately charges me with abandoning the factual basis of my discussion. I have, he says, "made a pretty sorry mess of it with [my] facts," for I "boldly and openly" repudiate "the appeal to facts" and take "the good old neo-Platonic position of subordinating facts to revelation, intuition and ecstasy."

Of course, it is quite true that I used the argument from Christian experience. On that ground I am proud to stand; it will, in fact, take much stronger arguments than those of Dr. Barnes to dislodge me. For the appeal to Christian experience is not by any means a mere retreat into mysticism or ecstasy. To be sure, Dr. Barnes correctly summarizes my insistence on the fundamental importance to Christian theology of the re-birth of the individual. Where he misses the mark, however, is in his failure to grasp the easily verifiable effect of this re-birth, conversion, call it what you will, in the life of the individual. In short, one may not be able to analyze all the spiritual forces in Christian experiences, but the practical results are apparent to any observer. That is why I cited

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the blind man at the pool of Siloam, that is why I referred to Begbie's powerful volume of case-histories in *Twice-Born Men*, and that, finally, is why I appealed to the fruits of foreign missions.

Something definite happened to the blind man. Although his initial experience was the simple act of faith in washing his eyes, the sequel to his contact with Christ was an objective fact so startling that his neighbors forthwith brought him to the Pharisees. It was, again, the practical result of the blind man's contact with Christ, "Once I was blind; now I see," that so irritated his interrogators. That was no bit of interior ecstasy. It was a plain fact and even the hardest-headed Pharisee could verify it instantaneously. But, Dr. Barnes may object, the incident happened, if at all, nineteen hundred years ago. What the evangelical Christian contends, however, is that the same kind of thing is happening today. Begbie's book is full of actual cases of lives hopelessly and, to all intents and purposes, permanently wrecked that were suddenly diverted into lasting channels of decency.

GO BACK for a moment to the missionary enterprise. Because Dr. Barnes rules out the reality of the faith which inspires missionaries to heroic endeavor, shall we meet him on his own ground and judge the missionary by the fruits of his labors? One who knows the facts is tempted to be blunt and say that, in belittling the social and civilizing results of foreign missions, Dr. Barnes betrays a useful ignorance of missionary history. *The Case for Foreign Missions*, a recent article in *The American Mercury*, will instruct him on this point. The truth of the matter is that foreign missions have proved one of the most tremendous enlightening influences the world has ever known. Take the single matter of illiteracy, for instance. Every properly equipped pioneer missionary has a working knowledge of phonetics. Whether it be in the heart of Africa, in the South Seas, or in the hill country of India, one of his first tasks is to learn the language *and reduce it to writing*. He then proceeds to translate a portion of the New Testament into the language of the degraded savages, and next he teaches some of them to read. Thus the Bible, in whole or in part, has been translated into nearly 900 separate languages and dialects, a large portion of which were for the first time reduced to writing by missionaries. One need hardly press the point that, having given a backward people the primary intellectual tools, the missionary has made a great contribution toward enlightenment.

After all, it is easy to underrate the beneficent effects of missions. To charge missionaries with injuring the natives through "horrible notions as modesty and immodesty, 'nice' and 'not nice,' " flippantly to link the towering intellect of St. Paul with the well-meaning mediocrity of Anthony Comstock, and to declare that the ideals of right living emanating from these sources "have been hygienically nearly as devastating as the plagues and famines" to which these primitive peoples are subjected is to indulge in a form of smart writing instead of presenting facts. Dr. Barnes forgets that whatever corruption of the savages there may have been has resulted from the greed of

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the white trader, not the zeal of the missionary.

The best rebuttal of all this is a concrete example of what missions really have done in the South Seas. Over forty years ago the London Missionary Society sent a valiant Scotchman, James Chalmers, to New Guinea, the largest of South Sea islands and one of the great unexplored regions of the world. As every ethnologist knows, New Guinea is inhabited by primitive peoples with marked cannibalistic tendencies. After more than ten years of heroic service, Mr. Chalmers was ambushed and eaten by the natives. But his work was not abandoned, his place being taken by his colleague, Charles Abel, a young Englishman. In due course, Abel brought up a family in the mission compound at Kwato. His two sons were educated at Oxford and at once returned to New Guinea. Recently Mr. Abel died while on furlough in England, but his family carries on. What is the result of their labors? The same savage tribes that murdered and devoured "the Great-Heart of New Guinea," as Robert Louis Stevenson called Chalmers, have given up their religion of fear and hatred for one of peace and brotherhood. They practise industrial arts, they read and write, they live peacefully in a decent community. There are twenty-six out-stations besides the main mission at Kwato, and trained native evangelists work among their benighted brethren. The natives have built hospitals, churches, and schools. And like a true Christian community these Papuans have a world vision. Recently they raised money for earthquake sufferers in Japan and famine victims in India. To be sure, they do wear clothes (of a type suited to the climate) yet, strangely enough, they seem to suffer none of the devastating moral and physical effects that Dr. Barnes so naïvely associates with the wearing of garments by dark-skinned savages. Even worse, the Abels have plainly taught the Papuan that charming native customs like head-hunting, infanticide, and ceremonial cannibalism, are actually sinful and thus outrageous in the sight of a loving heavenly Father. The queer thing is that the Papuans have thrived on these "horrible notions" to such an extent that, were Dr. Barnes to visit them, they would treat him with open rather than open-mouthed hospitality and, were he so minded, would perhaps amuse him with a game of cricket rather than spear throwing.

Now it may be true, as Dr. Barnes claims, that sociologists can produce the same results. The fact of the matter is, however, that few if any sociologists seem interested in enduring the possible martyrdom and incredible hardships that are the lot of the pioneer missionary. The sociologist may have the requisite technique but he lacks the one dynamic that leads a man or woman to pour out his life a sacrifice for degraded humanity. That glorious dynamic is nothing less than belief in the atonement, a "crude and savage notion" which Dr. Barnes lacks words adequately to condemn, but which I, in common with every true evangelical, gratefully acknowledge as the center of Christian faith. Until non-Christian sociology produces a Raymond Lull, a David Livingstone, an Adoniram Judson, a John G. Paton, or a

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Hudson Taylor, the sophisticates are indulging in idle fantasy when they deride the work of foreign missions. Even Charles Darwin, one of whose classic endorsements of foreign missions I quoted, was simply overwhelmed by the evidence for missionary achievement. The fact of the matter is that in foreign missions we have absolutely verifiable proof of the power of that Christian experience which brings man into fellowship with God.

Elsewhere, Dr. Barnes places the case on a numerical, not a quality, basis by boldly charging that "in spite of the fact that it has had to work under a handicap of seven centuries' delay in getting under way, Mohammedanism can count more converts today than the Christians." As this sounds a bit strange, I consulted Dr. S. M. Zwemer, editor of *The Moslem World* and Princeton Seminary professor. Dr. Zwemer tells me that the Moslems number about 234,000,000 and the various Christian groups about 558,000,000. On the word, therefore, of one of the best-informed authorities of the day, Dr. Barnes's statement is "off" to the tune of some 324,000,000.

But I should be the last to argue on mere numerical grounds, for I know how little the nominal convert — Christian, Moslem or Buddhist — really counts. The fact is that Dr. Barnes's argument is specious in an even more damaging way. When he can show us Mohammedanism producing the social and moral results of enlightened Christian missions, I shall accord first place to the Moslems. Until then I shall insist that it is a far cry from the filthy degradation of the zenana, the cruelty of "the unspeakable Turk," and the general social conditions of Mecca or Istambul to life in England or America, imperfect though our society may be. Numbers hardly constitute a mark of spiritual power, and my argument was not pitched on a numerical plane. As to the promotion of inquisitions, persecution, witchcraft, *et al.* by the Church, history surely records these things. But again, my article was in no sense a defense of the formalistic bodies of Christendom, and Dr. Barnes is quite irrelevant if he interprets it as such.

Missionaries, however, work in out of the way places. What about the verification of Christianity at home? I have a friend who was educated at a leading medical college and took post-graduate courses in Berlin. For years he was a prominent surgeon in a large Eastern city. Excessive drinking and regular indulgence in narcotics ruined his practice. He became a two-fold slave to liquor and to drugs. Advice, medical treatment, the entreaties of his wife, "cures," were useless. He was a mental, moral, and physical derelict. One night he attended a simple religious meeting, not the kind of emotional orgy described by Herbert Asbury in *Up From Methodism* and cited elsewhere by Dr. Barnes as a representative example of conversion. A single verse in the Eighth Chapter of Romans flashed into his befogged mind, opening windows into a darkened soul. Instantaneously the craving for drink and drugs was gone. That was over ten years ago. Since that time my friend has been literally a new man, rehabilitated physically, morally, and professionally. Ask him why, and he will tell the story of his conversion.

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Here, then, is another verifiable fact of the transforming power of Christ in the human heart. And on the basis of it and many another case I make bold to challenge not only Dr. Barnes but also Messrs. Mencken, Dreiser, Darrow, Lewis, and all our other free-thinking intelligentsia to produce a single similar trophy of atheism, agnosticism, utilitarian hedonism, or even modernism. Let them bring forth a man or woman instantaneously freed from the remorseless shackles of narcotic indulgence through reading a sentence from *The American Tragedy*, *Elmer Gantry*, or *The Twilight of Christianity*. Or let materialistic evolution exhibit a Jerry McAuley, a debauched river thief, whose life has become such a marvelous power for good that thousands of unemployed are still receiving food and drink through the rescue mission it originated. Until Dr. Barnes and his colleagues in an intellectual agnosticism far removed from every-day reality can meet *this* simple pragmatic test, I shall continue to stand with the evangelical believer on the solid rock of Christian doctrine. Until unbelief can match the conquests of the Grace of God working through men, the clever phrases and tired negations of disillusioned moderns remain worthless evidence. The changed life of any pickpocket like the late Billy McQuere contradicts all the atheistic brochures of a Haldemann-Julius.

DR. BARNES'S specific answers to some of my arguments should next engage us. Noting my rejection of the 4004 date of creation, he mentions the æons of organic and cosmic evolution to prove that, whether the creation date be 4004 or 5004, Genesis i can not possibly be true. Now it is beyond the purpose of this paper to read Dr. Barnes an elementary lesson on the exegesis of the original Hebrew of Genesis i. Suffice it to say that there is excellent philological warrant for inferring a tremendous chronological gap between verses one and two, and that many of the most conservative of scholars admit that the word translated "day" means simply an indeterminate amount of time. Thus Genesis i becomes not a chronological chart but something far more significant — an affirmation of the divine origin of life and matter in a certain general order which true science has yet to demonstrate false.

To my contention that orthodox Christians as a body do not believe that God dictated the Bible in the language of the King James version, Dr. Barnes refers to Mr. Butler of Tennessee. As drafter of the Tennessee anti-evolution legislation, Mr. Butler is alleged to have told Charles Francis Potter that God used English when dictating the Pentateuch. Such notions, asserts Dr. Barnes, have been found "'universal' in extensive samplings of the orthodox belief on this point" which he has made "in many parts of the United States." Let me respectfully suggest that this extravagant statement savors of nothing short of omniscience! For one man to claim, on the basis of more or less random investigations, that a certain belief is "universal" among many million persons throughout a great nation is a bit thick. One could aver with far more show of truth that all scientists hold the outmoded Darwinian form of evolution,

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or prove by "extensive samplings" many another wild generalization. This kind of evidence sounds strangely like the diverting *Americana* of H. L. Mencken's *Mercury*.

As in the case of Genesis i, space forbids a detailed discussion of the complicated and highly technical question of inspiration. Here Dr. Barnes asks a number of questions. For scholarly replies to all of them, the evangelical believer would refer him to such authorities as Ex-President Francis L. Patton, A. A. Hodge and B. B. Warfield of Princeton (the latter's works are now being published in an extensive edition by the Oxford University Press), James Orr of Scotland, and the notable *Theopneustia* by S. R. L. Gaussen of Geneva.

My citation of archæological discoveries at Ur of the Chaldees and elsewhere elicit from Dr. Barnes a characteristic response. The Biblical reference to Abraham's residence at Ur "can not be regarded as anything beyond legend, folk-lore or rumor." This statement is pure assumption without the slightest historical backing, and the burden of proof rests with the one who denies the historicity of the patriarch. To speak of "Mr. Gaebelein's argument for the cultivated urbanity of Abraham" provokes a smile. However, if Dr. Barnes will turn to my paper he will see that the argument is not mine, but that I have merely quoted C. Leonard Woolley, one of the greatest modern archæologists. His quarrel, then, on this point is with Dr. Woolley and not with me.

Concerning the archæological evidences of the deluge, Babel, and the fall of Jericho, Dr. Barnes again waxes facetious. Personally I am glad that he enjoyed himself writing his article, but, for the sake of reasonable consideration of important issues, he would have done better to substitute facts for flippancy. When he insists that the actual Biblical deluge story means that the flood "covered the entire earth and that Noah's zoölogical and ethnological collection" comprised "a male and female of every extant member of the animal kingdom and insect world," one can only patiently recommend a good course in Old Testament exegesis. His point of view is well met by an apposite passage from an authoritative work by B. Colgrave of Clare College, Cambridge, and Dr. A. Rendle Short, Physiologist at the University of Bristol. "It is an outrage in the use of words to talk like this: words in the Bible as in any other old book are used in the sense they bore at the time of writing, and not in the sense that they have come to bear today. It was the then known world that went under the deluge and the then known animals that were preserved alive. We do not believe that Abraham went out of the world, because the same Hebrew word is used in Genesis xii:1 as is translated 'earth' in the narrative of the flood. When Luke says all the world was to be taxed, he obviously does not mean South America." Similarly, it is in no way a factual retort to my remarks about the Tower of Babel for Dr. Barnes solicitously to enquire about the sentiments of the Deity when He gazes down upon the metropolitan monuments of Walter Chrysler and Al Smith. Here a study of the text affirms that the tower was but an outward expression

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of rebellion against God and that God was punishing the rebellion, not the skyscraper proclivities of Noah's posterity. As for Jericho and many another verification of the remarkable geographical accuracy of the most ancient portions of the Old Testament, I can only hope that Dr. Barnes will purchase a new book, *The Foundations of Bible History*, by Professor John Garstang of the University of Liverpool. Dr. Garstang, a great archæologist, not only gives some highly significant facts regarding the fall of Jericho, but finds Joshua and Judges to be of definite geographical accuracy. Regarding Dr. Garstang's manuscript, Professor A. H. Sayce of Oxford says, "This book will produce a profound sensation." I hope that Dr. Barnes will read it!

And now we come to the New Testament. Here, for once, Dr. Barnes and I agree in estimating its historical accuracy to be of overwhelming consequence. Because I gave two passing examples of skeptics converted by examining the evidence for the resurrection and briefly mentioned Sir William Ramsay on Luke and the admitted historicity of the Marcan narrative, Dr. Barnes announces that "against all the 'mountains' of critical evidence gathered in the years between Reimarus and Loisy Mr. Gaebelein cites four items." As if, in a paper considerably shorter than his reply, I could begin to exhibit an infinitesimal part of the evidence gathered between the time of Melanchthon and that of Sir William Ramsay! Let Dr. Barnes go into any first-rate theological library and look at the comparative size of the 'mountains' of evidence for and against the New Testament, since he insists in placing his argument on a quantitative basis.

At this point Dr. Barnes shoots off his heavy artillery against the historicity of the New Testament — a quotation from no less a personage than the late Robert Keable, better known as novelist than Biblical critic. "It is quite impossible to cite conclusive historical evidence that Jesus ever lived at all," says Dr. Barnes, and straightway magnanimously admits that the Galilean probably did live. But, quoting Keable, he asserts that we do not have enough "historical knowledge about Jesus to write a three line obituary notice in the London *Times*." Instead of a novelist writing in a current magazine (Dr. Barnes quotes from Keable's *Atlantic Monthly* articles) let us listen to the greatest of modern New Testament authorities — Professor Harnack of Germany. He says in his *Chronology of Old Christian Literature until Eusebius*, "There was a time — and the general public still lives in it — in which people thought that the oldest Christian literature must be regarded as a tissue of errors and forgeries. That time has gone by. It was merely an episode for Science, in which she learned much, and after which she has much to forget. The results of the study that followed go further still in the 'reactionary direction' than what might be called the moderate position of today."

Dr. Barnes will have none of Professor Shirley Jackson Case of Chicago University because he dismisses the case against the historicity of Jesus in "cavalier fashion." But

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what can he do with his good friend H. L. Mencken when, in his *Treatise on the Gods*, Mr. Mencken commits the following outrageous heresy? "The historicity of Jesus is no longer questioned seriously by any one, whether Christian or unbeliever. The main facts about him seem to be beyond dispute. . . . The New Testament is thus an historical document of very tolerable authority, needing only to be read with due circumspection."

But although we agree on the importance of the New Testament, Dr. Barnes and I certainly do not agree on the question of obscenity. Without defining terms one simply can not argue with an opponent who persists in claiming that Luke i (Dr. Barnes is a phenomenal Greek exegete if he can find here any immoral deed of the angel Gabriel) and John viii are as obscene as certain passages in Dreiser's *American Tragedy*. The reader who knows all three citations will have to judge. But I must object to having the stock case of the Watch and Ward Society and Mr. John S. Sumner dragged in gratuitously. Holding, for an evangelical, a rather broad position on the censorship question, I was writing quite without reference to the pathetic persecutions endured by Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, or Sinclair Lewis and their brave disciples.

We may now properly pause to consider briefly Dr. Barnes's fundamental attitude toward religion in general and Christianity in particular. From the foregoing examples, it is clear that he approaches the question of faith with a strong anti-supernatural bias. That this conclusion is justified is seen from his *Twilight of Christianity* where he repeatedly affirms his antagonism to the supernatural. In this volume there is a revealing reference to his own intellectual experience. Discussing what he is pleased to call "the Jesus stereotype," Dr. Barnes confesses that he "thoroughly familiarized himself with the essentials of Biblical scholarship when an undergraduate and then abandoned completely the traditional view of the nature and authorship of the Bible." Later, some Columbia professors confirmed these deductions, and finally his lingering reverence for the supremacy of Jesus was made intellectually impossible by the cogent arguments of an ex-Unitarian preacher, a certain Dr. Andrew Fish, who was attending his courses at Clark University. (Dr. Barnes will, I trust, pardon this brief *argumentum ad hominem*.)

Now this confession is significant. Dr. Barnes must have been a precocious youth indeed thoroughly to familiarize himself with the essentials of Biblical scholarship when an undergraduate. Did he have a thorough grounding in Greek, Hebrew, Aramaic, and all the other philological studies necessary to thorough Biblical scholarship? To settle, before the age of twenty-four, questions which taxed the intellects of Harnack, Warfield, and the host of great Biblical scholars was no small feat. One wonders whether Dr. Barnes's presuppositions began when he read the wrong books *about* the Bible instead of reading the Bible itself together with some of the believing as well as disbelieving critics. One wonders also about the credulity of the

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student who swallows hook, line, and sinker only the radical Biblical critics. The fact is that the theories of the higher critics are even now a maze of conflicting opinion and divergent hypotheses. As late as 1892, Schulz, a reputable higher critic, declared that "the time, of which the pre-Mosaic narrations treat, is a sufficient proof of their legendary character. It was a time prior to all knowledge of writing." Similarly, a stock objection against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch used to be that Moses could not have known how to write. Even Dr. Barnes would not maintain that position today. The Graf-Wellhausen hypothesis as now held would hardly be recognized by its original authors. Thus the better Biblical scholarship is today profoundly skeptical of "the assured results of modern criticism." I am only a schoolmaster and have never occupied a college professorship, yet I make bold to advise my senior boys not to believe all that they read, not to credit everything college professors tell them, and to hold an open mind on much of alleged proof that comes to them against the Bible. Higher education today is just as definitely influenced by a scholarly, anti-supernatural stereotype as the clergy by "the Jesus stereotype" of which Dr. Barnes elsewhere writes.

For Dr. Barnes to name a few zealous fundamentalists as examples of extreme intolerance is hazardous. An equally effective list of agnostics could be cited to show similar lack of tolerance, and the A.A.A.A. is every whit as fanatical as the Kluxers and reforming lobbyists, all of whom are inferentially condemned in the last paragraph of my article. Joseph Wheless, whom Dr. Barnes elsewhere approves, states, for instance, that "the Bible, in its every book, and in the strictest legal and moral sense, is a huge forgery." Until reading this queer bit of obscurantism, I had thought that such notions perished centuries ago with Hardouin. One is also puzzled to find in Dr. Barnes's list of the *enfants terribles* of fundamentalism the name of J. Gresham Machen. Of a book by this writer, whom Dr. Barnes classes with "Two-gun" J. Frank Norris, Mr. Walter Lippmann says, "It is an admirable book. For its acumen, for its saliency, and for its wit this cool and stringent defense of orthodox Protestantism is, I think, the best popular argument produced by either side in the current controversy." Can Dr. Barnes prove his charges of ignorance and superstition "up to the hilt out of the mouth" of a first-rate thinker and internationally-known New Testament scholar like Dr. Machen?

THERE remains finally only Dr. Barnes's last generalization, "I will close with the categorical assertion that there is not one single item in the complex of beliefs of the orthodox Christian which can in any way be harmonized with the rudiments of modern scientific, historical and critical knowledge." In view of our discussion, this reckless statement speaks for itself. But let us test it on one point. Certainly prayer belongs to "the complex of beliefs of the orthodox Christian." The evangelical believes in prayer, not as a subjective spiritual exercise but as an objective reality. Now if prayer be a workable fact, belief in a Personal God is a

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logical consequence, for only a Personal God can know and answer the petitions of His children.

There are millions of Christians living today who believe that God answers prayer because facts have proved the efficacy of prayer. Take two outstanding examples. In 1835 an obscure German pastor, George Müller, founded an orphanage at Bristol, England. He felt called to live and work entirely on faith, never asking for a cent, never making a need known. Prayer was his one reliance. What was the result? At his death there were five orphanages at Bristol. The work still goes on. Fifteen thousand children scattered throughout the world and a record of over $11,000,000 received in contributions attest the faithfulness of the God to whom George Müller prayed. Over forty times in two years, the autobiography of this saintly man tells us, his orphanages with their hundreds of children began the day without any means in hand. But never in all the years has there been one lack. This is the example of the supernatural efficacy of prayer that is said to have confounded one of the greatest Victorian scientists.

In the middle of the last century there entered China a man who, according to the authoritative *History of Christian Missions in China* by Professor Latourette of Yale, "was one of the four or five most influential foreigners who came to China in the Nineteenth Century for any purpose, religious or secular." Dr. Hudson Taylor, like George Müller, believed that God answers prayer. Today his mission is the largest in all China, millions of dollars have been contributed without appeal, and thousands of missionaries have gone to China to labor without salary solely on the belief that God will answer prayer and supply the needs of those who trust Him. Of all mission bodies in China, that founded by Hudson Taylor is today the most aggressive, far-reaching, and vital. Does God answer prayer? Let Dr. Barnes or any other skeptic examine these two cases in detail and explain them on any grounds other than Christian.

The founder of the modern scientific method was Sir Francis Bacon. In *The Advancement of Learning*, a work which Dr. Barnes in his *Twilight of Christianity* declares superior to much of the Bible, Bacon writes as follows: "It was most aptly said by one of Plato's school that the sense of man carrieth a resemblance with the sun, which, as we see, openeth and revealeth all the terrestrial globe; but then again it obscureth and concealeth the stars and celestial globe: so doth the sense discover natural things, but it darkeneth and shutteth up divine." Newton, Faraday, Dawson, Eddington, Jeans, Pupin, Millikan and a host of others have not been ashamed to follow in Bacon's steps. Thus also St. Paul, when he tells us that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God . . . because they are spiritually discerned," is the predecessor of Bacon, and gives us not a vague bit of mysticism but an immutable law of the human understanding. Until modern agnosticism returns to the humility of the great exemplar of modern research, it is as powerless to undermine the sure foundations of Christianity as it is to change the stars in their courses.

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The Spur of a Hard Winter

By Robert W. Kelso

Director of the St. Louis Community Fund

Along the docks, in railroad yards, on the curb, and in the doorways of tenement districts men loaf and growl, cursing a world that denies them a chance at hard labor in exchange for bread. Again and again upon the sidewalks the pedestrian is halted by young men, some of them physically well-conditioned and clear-eyed, asking for a dime. Employment agencies are surrounded by mobs of men so numerous that the police have to keep order. This is the ordinary picture to be seen in any city in the United States this winter.

The community reaction to this condition of things affords small credit to the genius of the American people. By January of 1930, when it was apparent that the country was in for a serious business depression, general hysteria for doing something about unemployment set in. Citizens' committees hurried into action, and were soon as busy as a volunteer fire brigade; but for the most part they threw the crockery out the second story window, and carried the feather bed down the stairs. Newspaper companies, with an eye to publicity as well as public welfare, begged money with which to open bread lines and cast-off clothing bureaus. Church missions that were accustomed to setting up free lunches made broadcast appeals for money with which to run soup kitchens. The city of New York, with eighty-three kitchens and bread lines last winter, is an illustration of this hysteria at its worst. Politicians, willing enough to spend public taxes for intensely popular objectives, appropriated money to be expended, not by the tried and trained welfare agencies of the community, but for the most part by emergency committees politically chosen and politically controlled. In cities where public outdoor poor relief has been a long-standing practice these expenditures were somewhat more orderly than in those in which it was a genuine emergency venture.

Great was the effort to make work. Municipalities began to clean up streets and alleys, to rake up the untidy spots in the park system, to tear down an old building here and there, and in general to do a few odd jobs about the town, just as a householder would look about to find a few hours of puttering for an old retainer. A few communities sought hard to discover genuine municipal improvements that could be entered upon at once. With few exceptions, the net result of this search, however, was that this project must wait upon a land

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suit; that another required a bond issue not available without an enabling act; that still another called for a vote of the people which could not be had; and that in general those personal and compelling powers that guide our several communities could not afford to let the public do anything of consequence on its own.

Our President, following the lead of a noble predecessor, insisted that in a free democracy the people should support the Government, and, *per contra*, that the Government should not support the people. The Congress disagreed with him, and undertook to give away public taxes on the plea that unemployment distress constituted an emergency. Veterans' insurance under the strain of the stampede was transformed, not nominally but in effect, into a soldiers' bonus.

The efforts of the seventy-first Congress represented the first chapter in this sorry struggle of the American people, to avert the pauperizing British dole. It is the current winter that will stage the real battle.

And so we come to the worst winter in our history, with public appropriations and borrowing power seriously depleted, with community chests and individual benevolence money scarcer and harder to get; with the numbers of persons and families in distress nearly, if not quite double, that of the winter before; yet with neither rhyme nor reason, nor a programme with which to face the crisis.

We may look forward with confidence, as the burden of privation draws toward its winter peak, to seeing the soup kitchen and bread line queue renewed. Society women will drive their motors up and down the town begging for food and cast-off clothes. Ward politicians will make flowery speeches about saving money on parks and municipal administration (outside of salaries) so that the money can be given to the poor. We shall see churches opening their basements to the transient and homeless, there to be slept and fed. We shall see hospitals and other institutions giving their broken food at the back door to a line-up of indigent; and we shall see many a poor old woman digging something here and there out of the garbage can in the alley. All these are the outside trappings of inner tragedy. And so far as the community seeks to meet the issue at all, we shall have to admit that the effort is haphazard and virtually without plan.

But our efforts at remedy may be a shade better than last winter; for if the American learns only by experience, he does nevertheless learn. The Prosser committee's $10,000,000 in New York ran away like water into sand. The $5,000,000 raised in Chicago went the same way, and both efforts have probably produced more emptiness in the giver than fullness in the recipient of the aid. Many of those who have worked hard on emergency relief, believing that what was needed was money and supplies for a quick tide-over, are coming now to see that quick relief of this sort is justified only when coupled with a more serious effort to help people in distress to help themselves. Many cities that began their appropriations for emergency relief with a declaration of independence, and set up separate machinery for its application, find,

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by bitter experience, that their money is gone, they hardly know where, and they seem only to have created more of the problem that they sought to relieve.

A few communities began their public appropriations with the determination to expend the money through established relief agencies. It is these communities that have laid the ground for increasingly intelligent public relief; and the public may expect, under this example, to find public monies more and more intelligently spent in the relief of the unemployed, and are sure to find less and less favor bestowed upon the sentimental and socially ruinous soup kitchen method of relief.

In every considerable city in the United States there is at least one family relief agency that undertakes to help families in distress. These societies work hard for high standards of efficiency in friendly and humane relief. They employ persons trained in the readjustment of broken social relations. They pay these people money for their professional service, thereby incurring unfavorable criticism and some abuse from the sentimental, but vastly increasing the permanent value of the work they do. These agencies are the key to sound family relief where the breadwinner is unemployed. The need of advancing them to a place of leadership, even in the expenditure of public monies, where public relief departments are not developed, must be increasingly obvious, as the winter wears on.

But although the right way of relief is becoming more and more apparent, each day as we advance through our period of business hardship, it is becoming increasingly apparent, also, that relief can never be more than a palliative for our present distress. If we are to dance merrily through seven fat years, only to find ourselves plunged into the depths of a business crisis once in every decade or less, we shall be forever scrambling to help the hungry without ever getting farther than a feeling of sympathy for their trouble. It is not the way of America to accept things as inevitable. On the contrary we have always been incurable meddlers in our own destiny. Wherefore, it is more than likely that the voluminous talk and discussion now heard on every hand regarding fundamental causes of hard times will not blow over completely. Necessity stands out boldly as a factor in our social economy today. Most likely she is big with invention, seeking real remedies.

TONS of newsprint paper have been used, setting forth the reasons why this dread condition of things should prevail in a nation that has the greatest wealth and the highest living standards in the world. The tariff, post-war readjustment, inevitable cycles of trade, the automatic machine, expenditures for military preparedness — these and a further catalogue unbelievably long are set forth solemnly as the reasons why men are out of work and their families hungry. The truth is likely to be found in a combination of many of these alleged causes. The exponents of the riddle would probably agree that in some way the proximate cause of our present social discomfiture lies in the industrial system; either in the nature of it or in the way we have managed it.

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The machine age, to which all of us owe our daily bread, has made it possible for vast numbers of people to live in compact swarms at places remote from their sources of food supply. The people of the city of New York, for instance, requiring an estimated 18,000,000 acres of land on which to grow the food they consume, have their supplies brought to them by rail from the breadth of the continent and by ship over the seven seas, preserved from spoiling and regular in supply. As a consequence the human family, instead of remaining spread out over the land to secure its food by delving individually into the soil, may live in compact cities, with the assurance that so long as the machine age operates the individual is not likely to starve. At the same time the taking of raw materials out of the soil to provide men with food, clothing and shelter has been rapidly speeded up. It is no marvel that more members have been added to the human family in the past one hundred years than had accumulated hitherto through all the eons of time during which man has inhabited the earth. On the old agricultural basis the new age has set up a false security and fostered an unjustifiable birth rate. Numbers which by an immutable law of nature tend always to outstrip available food supply have increased so rapidly in the United States that the comfort level of existence was passed at the turn of the century, and we are now well advanced in the decades of struggle toward the point of saturation in population growth.

While the machine age is thus holding out false security for the breeding and the survival of more individuals than the system itself can find work and food for, mechanical efficiency itself comes forward rapidly to close the door to thousands of workers by replacing hand labor and un-coördinated jobs with the automatic machine. This "iron man" in industry is largely responsible for the heavy labor surplus carried in the best of times in American industry. New workers are being added to our working population at the rate of a half million a year; yet the total number of workers in the great basic industries upon which we live has been falling at an approximate rate of 300,000 per year. Insecurity of labor has been increased immeasurably by the ever present threat of overproduction through a producing capacity more than double the absorption power of available markets.

These are important considerations in appraising the effect of our new machine age, but they are not the fundamental. That basic consideration is found in the purposes thus far demonstrated in industry. Modern man carries on his feverish activity in the making and selling of goods in order thereby to gain personal profit. Whatever his avowed intent, this is his purpose in practice. When machinery swept the English peasant off the countryside and transformed him into a class of free labor, it had no intention, and did not as a fact, accord to him as his share of the new operation anything more than the barest living. Dwelling in his cottage on the land aforetime, he had been poor; but he might delve for himself and reap the fruitfulness of the soil: now he became in effect the victim of an op-

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portunity — the opportunity to get and hold a job which was contingent upon industry being able to find market enough, or to secure profit enough from the operation, to give him the work to do. From that time until now, the fellow who works with his hands has struggled to increase his share beyond bare sustenance, and the system has traveled on like a lumbering Juggernaut, crushing a frightful number of its dependent devotees under its wheels.

Industry in the United States today is working against the best interests of society. In its present form, hypothecated on the making of profit, it proceeds at accelerated speed, to make a few of the rich richer and the great body of the working group poorer. This winter, with production and purchasing power still out of adjustment, we shall see the legitimate fruits of selfish industry. It is altogether possible that even the captain of industry himself will be able to see by the end of the winter that any industrial system not hypothecated upon the greatest good to the greatest number concerned in it — that is to say, upon the common welfare — is certain to bring the human family to disaster. The meteoric speed with which this condition is coming about is demonstrating this ultimate truth with tragic suddenness.

With the Russian challenge to private property presenting a real menace to the permanence of our industrial system on its present basis, the people of the United States have an added incentive to seek an analysis of the causes of our present distress, and to make a start at least toward permanent remedy. But first we shall have to purge from our minds the English malady of the public dole.

CANDIDATES for public office become increasingly vocal as election time approaches. One advocates huge Government loans; another would set up a rump convention to discuss unemployment relief in the event that the politicians are to be done out of a special session; a third would declare unemployment distress to constitute a disaster comparable with an act of God, and extend Federal relief directly. All of them want votes; but over and above that they are canny enough to realize that they are voicing widespread public sentiment in the direction of using the United States Treasury to relieve the poor. The patient reasoning of former sages like Story, John Marshall, Chief Justice Shaw, and Webster seems to have departed forever. Why talk about the obligation of the citizen in a representative democracy? Why bring up the principle that charity and family distress, like crime, is a local problem? Are not these people hungry, and did they become hungry through fault of their own? Should any one be allowed to starve when the people collectively have money in the bank; that is to say in the United States Treasury? If we don't spend our public money for the relief of misery, won't we spend it for battleships, with which to create more misery?

All this and much more crops up in the discussion of Federal relief. There is imminent danger that before the seventy-second Congress has adjourned, the United States of

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America will have established the system of direct relief out of the public treasury to persons in distress through unemployment in times of business depression. For, when the beneficiaries of a legal policy become the majority in a vote to sustain it, that policy will be continued, be its foundation in public policy sound or false, so long as personal advantage accrues from it.

Whatever the guise, direct Federal relief means in the end a supplement to wages out of taxes. Wages should come out of industry; not out of the public treasury. Let a so-called proletariat once taste the sweet honey of public subsidy, as a beast may get the taste of blood, and the basic reasoning of government, the logic of self-support in society, and all tenets of the duty of the citizen in a republic, are set aside. When such a policy is entered upon, the re-distribution of wealth by compulsion will have set in.

When the magistrates of an English district, met in the village of Speenhamland in 1795, decided to supplement laborers' wages out of the poor rates, they inaugurated for England a system of dole subsidy that today is costing her people some hundreds of millions of pounds a year. It is this same subsidy that is breaking the back of old England.

Through all the drab history of the English midlands, in the half century following the invention of the steam engine, when women and children were driven like slaves on the factory floor; during the long day in the Welsh mines when the expectancy of life itself dropped in Merthyr Tidfil, to eighteen years, owners of English manufacturing enterprises took their profits and let the public poor rates mop up their human waste. The laborers of England have lost the balance of power in government, but the dole still remains a great and undeniable factor in the British decline.

Our statesmen have just reason to fear this policy of subsidy, should it once take root in our Federal policy. Sentiment strongly favors it; the only force against it is reason, and as between these two, the forces of reason are weaker in a democracy.

But if by chance we shall be able to avoid the Scylla of the statutory dole, we have still to pass the Charybdis of constructive readjustment of industry itself, where lies the basic cause of our problem.

There is one palliative measure for unemployment distress that has real worth; and there is probably understanding and intent enough at the present time to effect it, if legal rules can be modified sufficiently to make it practicable. This is the rational programming of public works. With Government enterprises involving labor estimated at some $4,000,000,000 per year, counting Federal, State and local Governments together, it is possible, by the ordering of these improvements on a time schedule not out of keeping with governmental need, but more nearly in line with the volume of slack employment, to place a large measure of relief in the form of economic labor, at the disposal of the unemployed.

It is only the ABC of sound governmental management to develop public improvements with a long look ahead. That we seldom if ever reach this stage in American practice

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is no denial of the principle. There should hang upon the wall of the superintendent's office in every public institution in the United States a blue print plan of the development of that institution to the maximum limit of its efficiency as a unit of service. Subject to changes brought about by time and new thinking, that plan should be followed in the putting up of new buildings, the construction of roads, the development of new acreage and the like. Highway departments, park and playground management, larger projects in the development of rivers and harbors, the construction of administrative units, all lend themselves readily to such a rational plan. The practical difficulties of short appropriations, myopic political vision, and personal interest of elected representatives and their constituents, although great obstacles to be overcome, are obstacles of our own making. They are not inherent in the problem of administering government for the benefit of the people.

However difficult it may seem to organize public work on a rational basis in view of the imperfections of our governmental practice, such a step is simple compared to the larger operation that must be performed upon industry itself before the worker in our machine economy can be given even partial guarantees to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this phase of the case, government is weak; the effort must come from industry itself.

From the day when James Watt invented the steam engine down to the present moment, our modern age of machinery has been tending constantly toward the development of an aristocracy of wealth. In the United States, while our population was spreading out from our seaport villages westward into virgin areas, we thought of the new world as a land of blessed opportunity. For a period of decades the man who had a dog and a gun, could settle in the new forest, rear his family and secure at least the comforts of the pioneer. This great development of an agricultural economy delayed for us the picture of future misery lurking in the industrial régime. We joined our spiritual leaders in reviling priest Malthus for his gloomy predictions about overpopulation and an inevitable margin of poverty. From 1810–60 our population practically doubled its numbers every twenty years.

But the time was sure to come when numbers would catch up with the opportunity for comfortable living, and intensive manufacture would take the place of the hoe as the instruments by which men must live. From 1880 down to the present this metamorphosis from agricultural to urban economy, from the land to the machine, from the soil to the job has been going on with accelerating speed. By the census of 1920, we suspected ourselves of being a nation of city dwellers; by the census of 1930 we know it.

Home industry giving way to the water power mill of New England grew quickly into the larger steam power plant with railroad facilities and now has come the age of large unit centralization, with the elimination of competition in every sense but its legal fiction. The corporate form of industrial organization, with

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its comet's tail of negotiable securities, goes driving on in its constant progress, lodging the wealth and the power of America in the hands of a few. It is the logical result of basing human industry upon the making of profits instead of the welfare of mankind.

Ambassador Gerard can name forty persons who, he alleges publicly and without fear of contradiction, are the rulers of America, meaning thereby that they own most of its wealth and have the power to command. These forty individuals represent a group to be numbered only in the hundreds, who possess more in personal property than any 50,000,000 other persons in our population. They have come by their wealth through legitimate means, with the assent and the cooperation of all of us. In placing the blame, it should lie, not upon them, but upon the system under which they have operated.

However, therefore, we may come at it — and the ways will be difficult and the processes undoubtedly slow, if it is to be free from violence — the larger operation which industry must perform upon itself is the voluntary readjustment of its rewards. Unlimited profit-taking must give way to a reasonable incentive for private initiative, limited by common understanding. The scramble of competition must be replaced by a scramble for organized efficiency under such limited supervision as the whole people, through government, can bring to bear. The rewards of labor must be elevated from the present basis of a bare living to the level of a decent living with the opportunity for reasonable advancement.

These steps are easy to name; they seem at present impossible of accomplishment; but nothing that is possible at all is impossible of accomplishment when necessity leads the way. For modern civilized man, as for the peasant of France and the slave of Rome, the ugly danger of destructive overthrow lurks nearby. 163,000,000 of the Russian people undertake a bloodless overthrow of this man-killing industry by denying the right of private property, and America sleeps on, six and a half million of her laborers out of a job and millions of wives and little children begging for bread.

Already industrial statesmen like Proctor, Eastman, Dennison, and others feel the necessity of regularizing their respective industrial ventures; which is another way of saying that without the loss of reasonable profit to themselves, they believe more can be done to make their industries stable and continuing forces of competent livelihood for their employes. It is not unlikely that under the strains and pressures of the pains and penalties now growing out of the world crisis, these forty industrial statesmen and their colleagues may yet come to such an understanding of American business as to put the power of money behind a definite plan to limit profits and turn the surplus to the general use of the working man and his family, calling upon industry not to give him a wage for a stipulated number of hours and weeks, but rather to afford him support for himself and his dependents through their lives.

The widespread use of unemployment, health and old age insurance schemes may well be the entering wedge by which this more equitable

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apportionment of the reward of industry is to be effected. These schemes involve the relinquishment by industry of a part of the gains usually assigned to profit, and the assigning of that margin to the worker in case of need. Such schemes will spread and attain far greater perfection in operation. The funds which they establish will grow and in the end may convince industry of its fallacy that a laborer is a clod and his service a commodity.

It is altogether likely that man stands at the close of the first chapter of his machine age. It was the chapter of mechanical evolution. Now, or soon, he must enter the second chapter. It is the period of social application. Whether the citizen of today likes it or not, his intense individualism must take account of the common welfare; and those of us who believe in the principle of private property and individual liberty must apply ourselves, even with a degree of other-mindedness, to the problem of more equitable distribution of the rewards of industry. In that day, we may hope to find the present system of a wage for labor and charity for the infant and the aged supplanted by an industrial reward adequate to family life.

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The Spinster Looks at Marriage

By Louise Maunsell Field

Once upon a time, all fairy tales had the same ending: "And so they were married, and lived happily ever after." The Age of Innocence preserved and tried hard to live up to the fairy tale theory, but this too has now become a thing of the past, and marriage, far from being regarded as all to the good, is not infrequently considered all to the bad. The popular description of bachelors as selfish unintentionally testifies to the advantages possessed by the unmarried male. These are reluctantly admitted; but not half as reluctantly as the advantages possessed by the unmarried woman, though spinsterhood, too, often receives the tacit compliment of being called selfish.

Most of us, however, derive more of our opinions from convention than from experience, and the superior position of the married woman is a convention which has long been defended by every available weapon, from preachment to ridicule. The woman whose spinsterhood was obviously a matter of choice was denounced as cold-hearted, frivolous, and entirely lacking in the much-belauded maternal instinct. When overwhelming evidence of choice was lacking, ridicule was heaped on the "old maid." Thackeray presents us to foolish Miss Crawley and acidulous Miss Osborne, while Dickens' spinsters vary from metallic Miss Murdstone to catty Miss Wardle. Charlotte Brontë described the pitiful lot of the unmarried woman of her day in a manner which makes it easy to understand why husband-hunting was the chief feminine pursuit, though Jane Austen allowed her Emma to say a good word for spinsterhood. The woman without an independent income could earn a living only as a wife or a teacher, and to many women teaching is another name for torment. Even the woman of fortune couldn't live alone until she was at least middle-aged. Propriety required her to share or make her home (!) with some relative, whose chief thought usually was for her Will.

Most of these spinsterial disabilities rested on an economic basis. The woman who had money wasn't supposed to know how to handle it, while she who had none was only too likely to become a dependent, or in other words an unpaid nurse, seamstress and general houseworker in the establishment of some married brother or sister.

If reform was ever needed anywhere, it was certainly needed in the calling of spinsterhood. It came,

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yet despite the enormous change in the facts, theorizers rely on ideas derived from the old, sentimental idealization of marriage and motherhood, and its no less sentimental corollary, the vision of the spinster as an unhappy, frustrated creature, eating her heart out with envy of those women who have "husband, home and children," the truth being that nine times out of ten she is thanking her lucky stars for her escape from the humiliations and disappointments of her married friends!

The change in the economic status of the spinster is well known; quite as important, and a good deal less discussed, is the change in her mental attitude. The intelligent spinster of today doesn't feel either superfluous or apologetic. She has a definite object or ambition, a definite occupation. If she is rich, she may do some of the unpaid charitable, scientific or civic work often so much needed; if she lacks an inherited income, she has her business or profession. The curse which lay heaviest on the well-to-do spinster of old was lack of employment. Freudians to the contrary, it was idleness which often made her neurotic or hysterical, precisely as too much, usually distasteful work, and the harassing sense of being looked upon as a pitiable failure, did her penniless prototype. But look about you among your friends of today, and see if you don't know at least as many married women as spinsters who suffer from nervous disorders. You will probably find the proportion larger among the married, especially among the married who combine an exhausting effort to "hold" their husbands with the unending anxiety of children, their accidents, illnesses and so-called "difficult" tempers. Among my women acquaintances are no less than four dipsomaniacs; all of them married, and none of them childless.

The up to date spinster doesn't sit at home, waiting for some kindly soul to ask her somewhere. Besides her regular occupation, her friends, her clubs, her hobbies and her charities, she finds time to keep up with what is going on in the world, to read the latest books, hear the new music and see the new plays. When John Smith comes home at night he is usually and quite honestly too tired to take Mary to concert or theatre. Besides, how can they leave the baby, since the maid, provided they are lucky enough to have one, probably "sleeps out"? And should they, for the children's sake, have elected to live in the suburbs, the trip to town is a more or less formidable undertaking, they can't get back till late, and John must be up in time to catch the eight-fifteen next morning.

"I've scarcely been inside a theatre since we moved to Oak Vale," Mary tells her friend the spinster when they chance to meet. If the maid is good-natured, if John doesn't mind, and if no one of the children is down with mumps or measles or scarlet fever or whooping cough, Mary may invite the spinster to Oak Vale "just to give the poor dear a taste of real home-life." And seldom if ever does she suspect her guest's heart-felt rejoicing when Monday morning enables her to escape from the maid's bad cooking, which has given her indigestion, the baby's crying, which has kept her awake

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most of the night, and John's long stories about his golf handicap and what he told the plumber, which have bored her almost to tears, not to mention Mary's own dissertations on the children's ailments, John's irritability, and the difficulties of keeping a servant.

Matrimony at its best, the sensible spinster will readily admit to be the greatest happiness that can befall man or woman; but how often, she will ask, do you see it at its best? Marriages that can fairly be regarded as having been made in heaven apparently represent an extremely limited industry, with a remarkably small output and no hint of overproduction. For every Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning there are thousands, if not millions, of John and Mary Smiths, and the reasonable spinster will be inclined to suspect that she herself resembles Mary Smith just a little more strongly than she does Elizabeth Browning!

The average man, she contends, is neither better nor worse than the average woman; if he grumbles, she nags or whines. It is the combination which so often proves disastrous, the living together among all the petty annoyances of daily life. Which is perhaps one reason why separate establishments for the married are occasionally advocated. Among the truly modern the ideal of marriage, apparently, is to be as little married as possible, with infidelity a mere incident, occurring as often as opportunity or inclination may suggest. Bertrand Russell, one gathers, regards occasional adultery as giving spice to matrimony.

The majority of present-day couples are, of course, by no means as advanced as Mr. Russell. The utmost they venture to hope for is temporary relief, temporary escape from the home, escape, above all, from each other. Bridge, radio, jazz, the talkies; would any of these be as popular as they are if married couples really took pleasure in each other's society? When you invite John and Mary Smith to dinner, you don't place them side by side. You separate them by the full length of the table, thereby giving them an illusionary freedom, and a chance to enjoy themselves.

Disregarding the divorces which proclaim failure to the world, and looking disinterestedly at the still-married couples she knows, the spinster finds more cause for self-congratulation than for envy. There is Jane B——, whose husband Tom is immersed in business, coming home at night only to read the evening paper and go to bed; he and Jane haven't really talked together in years. Maggie R——, whose Henry demands a strict accounting for every penny, finds life almost as difficult as does Kitty Y——, Jim Y—— having a dread of seeming stingy which makes it impossible for him to live within his income, while Kitty hates being in debt. The spinster envies none of them. Nor does she envy Clara K——, when she sees Dick K—— trying to hold hands, at least, with every passably good-looking woman he meets, the spinster herself included. Yet Dick's behavior is mild compared with that of Jack Y——, who fell in love with his pretty young stenographer, and promptly informed his middle-aged wife that he had no use for her any longer. She hasn't divorced him, and they live under the

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same roof "for the children's sake," as Mrs. Y—— tearfully declares, and her pitying friends pretend to believe. The spinster reflects that had she married, her marriage might have resembled some one of these, rather than that of Paul and Jessie W——, who are not merely married, but mated.

But modern writers are practically unanimous in asserting that love is a fleeting emotion, which though it may outlast the honeymoon, can't reasonably be expected to endure much longer. When it vanishes, the couple have to put up with each other as best they can, hoping they may be lucky enough to become good friends. If marriage is to have any sort of permanency it must be based, we are told, upon the home and the children. So the spinster looks at these.

But the home, for urban dwellers at least, has dwindled and dwindled until decent privacy has become one of the most expensive of luxuries. When a four-room apartment is the "standardized" size for four people, when a couch in the living-room is regarded as a normal and proper sleeping place for at least one member of a family, the home automatically becomes an affair of restrictions and discomforts. If the young people of today have left the home, it is partly because the home has contracted until it has squeezed them out. The old-fashioned, four-story, brownstone house, the scarcely less old-fashioned eight or nine room apartment, has been divided into units of two, three or four rooms, at a rental as large or larger than that of the original, reasonably spacious quarters. Apart from the comparatively few women whose husbands can afford huge rents, it is only the independent spinster who can command any respectable amount of privacy; not to mention peace. She may be obliged to live in one room; but that room is hers alone. The discord which usually results from crowding several people within a small space doesn't trouble her serenity. It isn't often that *all* the members of even the best bred families have the dispositions of angels!

Except in the discourses of professional moralists, the spinster observes that "home, sweet home," is looked on as a sort of prison, a place to get out of as soon as possible, and to stay out of as long as possible. Any other resort, no matter what, no matter where, seems preferable to home in the eyes of the average member of a modern family, while to most wives and mothers in this almost servantless age home means housework. And if there is anything in this world women hate, it is housework. Only heroines portrayed by masculine novelists regard cooking, cleaning and dish-washing without utter abhorrence.

As for the vaunted joys of motherhood, the thoughtful spinster is often inclined to wonder whether these too are not a good deal more extensive in theory than in fact. The most earnest desire of present-day fathers and mothers is to find a parking place for their offspring. The child of today is away from his parents as frequently and as continuously as they can afford to pay some one to take him — or her — off their hands. The amount modern parents see of their children, in whose company

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they are supposed to find such ecstatic delight, is in direct ratio to their income; the one decreases as the other increases. To the programme of kindergarten, day school, boarding school and college, has been added the summer camp. Until recently, all save the very wealthiest parents were obliged to put up with the presence of their children during vacation; now all the even moderately well-to-do joyfully despatch them to some one of the camps which have multiplied with such illuminating rapidity. It is all, no doubt, eminently satisfactory to every one concerned. But if children give such pleasure to their parents, why do these same parents struggle and economize in order to get rid of them?

Constantly does the spinster hear mothers complain, "I can't do a thing with Susy," or "Bobby is getting quite beyond me," as an excuse for turning Susy or Bobby over to some sort of paid guardian. And Susy and Bobby are quite ready to go; sometimes anxious to go, even in the rare instances when their absence isn't desired. The strength of a mother's influence has long been proclaimed by press and pulpit; but putting conventional sentimentalities aside, what are the facts in the case? Doesn't Bobby pay a good deal more attention to the pronouncements of the councillor at the summer camp, the leader of his Boy Scout troop, or the head of his "gang," than to those of his mother? And the spinster herself, especially if she happens to be a smartly dressed, good-looking woman who has been professionally successful, often finds herself receiving the confidences Susy withholds from her mother, and discovers to her surprise that she has more influence over Susy than any member of that young person's family. Not because she especially desires that influence, not because she began life with a better brain or more charm than Susy's mother, but because she has been better able to keep up with the times, because she is more alert, a more acute judge of people and events than the woman whose energies have been absorbed by housekeeping, baby-tending, and husband-holding. "I can't talk to mother; she doesn't understand." The spinster hears that plaint from many Susies.

And she also hears the woes of Susy's mother. "I've sacrificed everything for my children! And I did think that when Susy came back from college she'd give me a little companionship. As it is, I scarcely see her from morning till night. She's always off somewhere with some of her friends."

The spinster hears such confidences again and again. But she is wise enough not to remind Susy's mother how often she has disapproved of the books Susy reads, the plays she sees, the ideas she advocates. This, if she is conservative. If she prides herself on being advanced, she has either treated Susy as a problem to be studied under a microscope or avoided her altogether, in order "not to hamper her development." For just as the advanced ideal of marriage seems to the spinster an effort to be as little married as possible, so does the advanced ideal of parenthood seem an effort to be as little of a parent as possible. But she finds it difficult to

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discover much evidence of the frequently extolled joys of motherhood, unless these may be supposed to consist principally of the consciousness of having given life; which may prove a somewhat dubious blessing.

Yet neither Susy nor Bobby represents an extreme. Susy's mother, however disappointed, can at least remind herself that Susy has never been brought home at four a.m., too drunk to stand, as happened to Anne W——, and Bobby's mother hasn't been obliged to take the witness stand at her son's trial for forgery, as was Mrs. D——, whose Harry is now in Sing-Sing.

The spinster is perfectly aware that she is asked to luncheon, where the married woman is invited to dinner. Her position as a social liability to the anxious hostess who welcomes an extra man with joy and deplores the possibility of an extra woman, she thoroughly understands. That spinsterhood has its drawbacks, that the carrying of her own latchkey and money to pay the taxi is something of a nuisance, she is the first to acknowledge. She merely asserts that these hardships, however difficult to endure, are not quite the most agonizing fortune can inflict!

But when all others have been answered, there remains one argument invariably urged against the spinster's protest that single blessedness is not without its advantages. To be single, she is told, is to be lonely; especially in old age.

This is a truth she doesn't attempt to deny. She only asks herself whether loneliness is not part of the average human lot, and her kind of loneliness far from the worst. Never having entered into the pact of companionship and mutual assistance which is a more or less tacit part of the marriage vow, she has adjusted herself to the need for standing unsupported, erect on her own two feet. What comradely help she may receive from friends, male or female, is just so much clear gain, a free gift, not the payment of an obligation. Moreover, that tacit pact is not always fulfilled, and to live, day after day and night after night, in the outward alliance and inward alienation of many of the married, seems to her loneliness of a type far drearier than her own. These inwardly estranged couples may and often do have a certain community of interests, especially when they have children, but those very children may be merely so many bones of contention. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are alike devoted to their son Billy. But Mr. Jones is an ardent pacifist, and Mrs. Jones passionately desirous that Billy shall go to a military school. He believes in self-expression, and she in discipline. The very fact that they both love the boy is forcing them further and still further apart. The spinster doubts whether her loneliness is any greater than Mrs. Jones'.

She knows, of course, that there are many married women who live in happy and satisfying comradeship with their husbands; she has several of these fortune-favored ones among her friends. But even then — well, consider Mrs. X——, whose married life was a notable success until Mr. X—— died, leaving her to loneliness of a poignancy the spin-

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ster will never suffer. For Mrs. X—— is too old to make that adjustment to solitude the spinster made long ago. Mrs. X—— has had a full and rich emotional life, has experienced a greater happiness than has ever befallen the spinster; and her loneliness is therefore just so much the more intense. She has children, but they are busy with their own interests and occupations. They are fond of Mrs. X——; the duty visits they pay her every now and then are made without reluctance; but she is in no way a vital factor in their lives.

And since the proportion of married women who outlive their husbands is very large — there were 4,734,000 widows in the United States in 1930, the latest date for which figures are available — marriage is no insurance against a solitary old age, and Mrs. X—— is possessed of many counterparts among the once-fortunate few. Not to mention the more numerous not-quite-so-fortunate, whose marriages were affairs of mutual toleration. For these, though they never had perfect companionship to lose, have at any rate lost their jobs.

One of the greatest differences between the Victorian and the modern is their attitude towards spinsterhood. To the Victorian the spinster was either pitiable or contemptible, simply because of her spinsterhood. Not only was marriage the one possible career for a woman; it was the great object of every woman, and she who did not attain to it was a complete failure. For the Victorian believed, or affected to believe, "this love-way," the greatest, most significant thing in life. Few were ready to admit with Thackeray that "the fever goes, but the wife doesn't." To the modern, the spinster is a woman who for one reason or another has remained unwed, but whom that fact doesn't prevent from leading a successful and satisfactory existence. The Victorian idolized and idealized love, and often had a good deal of trouble trying to reconcile fact with theory. The modern, when not inclined to regard it as a nuisance, and perhaps even to think it more than a pleasant interlude, considers it only a part of life; a part which is by no means greater than the whole.

And so the modern spinster, freed at last from every vestige of her once all-pervading inferiority complex, and looking about her with eyes undimmed by any haze of Nineteenth Century sentimentality, feels no great distaste for her single lot, but accepts it philosophically, even contentedly. For, while she believes that her fate could be very much better, she knows that it could be very much worse!

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Our Scrambled Local Government

By Lane W. Lancaster

Continuing his discussion of last month with improvements now in progress

The changes needed in local government are comparatively easy to state. There is first of all the imperative demand for larger areas in the interest of sound administration. This necessarily involves the outright abolition of many areas and authorities now vested with governmental and administrative powers. The difficulty of such a task is at least twofold. There is first to be considered the fact that we do not have a clean sheet to start with. Local government in the United States consists very largely of what might fairly be called an undergrowth of institutions, and much of this will be tough hewing for the ax of reform. Government, like every other human institution, has at any given moment many vestigial remains, useless, perhaps, but troublesome, and to be eliminated only by radical means. There is also the more specific difficulty of finding a completely adequate local area, so infinite are the conditions surrounding the scores of functions yearly crowding into the field of public administration. A district satisfactory for the care of the poor might be unfit for the management of schools; one suitable for health work might be unsatisfactory for corrections. Assuming, moreover, that an adequate area has been found into which a whole State might be divided there would be the difficulty of keeping it satisfactory and preventing a new institutional undergrowth.

But solving these difficulties is only half the problem. Beyond a certain point in size a unit of government ceases to be manageable by the usual devices of popular government. What Aristotle said with reference to the Greek city-state still has some application: "To the size of states there is a limit, as there is to other things, plants, animals, implements; for none of these retain their natural power when they are too large or too small; but they either wholly lose their nature or are spoiled. When a state is composed of too many it is almost incapable of constitutional government. For who can be the general of such a vast multitude, and who the herald unless he have the voice of a Stentor." The state of which the Philosopher wrote was quite a different thing from any area with which we now have to deal but his words are none the less apposite

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in that the problem of control is closely related to the question of area. In order that those who rule may be compelled, in the words of Madison, to rule themselves, it is vital that they be close to the governed. This nearness need not be entirely in terms of physical distance. Simplicity of governmental organization and the creation of definite lines of responsibility may do much to combine efficient administration with popular control. Any plan, then, for the recasting of areas involves a knowledge of the detailed facts of administration and the actual mechanism of popular control which few can bring to the task.

It is important, therefore, to state at the outset that no single or simple solution of the problem with which we have to deal can be found. The extremely decentralized character of administration in the United States may be fairly characterized as legally organized anarchism, the territorial expression of the primitive American individualism. It has permitted, as doubtless no other system could, the perfect flowering of each distinctive regional and sectional culture. Under its ægis each community has developed as its environment has dictated, producing its own brand of institutions sending their roots deep into the soil of the past. Wherever the reformer sets about his task he finds a different history, a varied background, an obstinate adherence to tabus, traditions, and predilections, and a tangled set of personal and local loyalties. He must build upon what he finds and he must build slowly, for the stuff with which he works is of life itself. And no preconceived pattern, thought out in the quiet of his study, will fit, without much cutting and patching, the set of institutions which he finds. He will need wisdom, infinite patience and the willingness not to take himself and his plans too seriously. And all that the detached student can fruitfully do with the problem is to point out and evaluate promising lines of approach to its solution.

One requisite in any reformation of local administration will be found to lie in a clearer recognition of the actual primacy of the State with regard to many public functions. The legal supremacy of the State over its local areas is as firmly settled in our law as any principle can be. In practice, however, no effective provision has usually been made for insuring compliance by local officials with the expressed will of the State. This has been due very largely to the lack of any well-conceived plan for the allocation of functions and also to the fact that, regardless of legal theory, functions have been delegated to locally elected officials engaged primarily in handling matters of interest mainly to the locality. In view of the variety of points of view found within most of our States, common political prudence has permitted the enforcement of State law to be tempered by local public opinion. With regard to legislation affecting personal habits and customs, this will long continue to be the case and there is, in fact, much to be said for it from many points of view. But in the more strictly administrative phases of government there is a growing need for making more real the legal supremacy of the State.

This might be done, as a matter of

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theory, in one of two ways: the State might take over a function entirely and administer it directly from the State capital; or it might leave it in the hands of local officers and subject them to strict administrative supervision. The first of these possible schemes is not feasible. Not only would it be objected to by the localities but it is doubtful whether in all cases it would in the end be more efficient. The State is not necessarily the best area for handling certain functions, even though as a matter of strict theory they may concern the State as a whole. Many States are, in fact, too large to realize economies through centralized control, and there are sound reasons, apart from "politics," for a large amount of delegation in certain fields. Moreover, it does not follow because the State has the paramount legal power that it will be competent to perform directly functions which theoretically belong to it. We can not be greatly encouraged in this respect by the general character of our State administrative staffs in many parts of the country. It is often the local governments which have led the way in developing a better technique. From this point of view our suspicion of centralization is basically sound: every extension of State power ought to be compelled to make out its own case. That it has done so in such fields as the care of the insane and the delinquent, highway construction and in the regulation of industry and the professions may be conceded, though here it is obvious that local attempts at regulation could not long survive. Some closer approach to more direct State management might well be made in such fields as charities and corrections by regionalizing the State, and it is likely that the next generation will see a good deal of experimentation along this line.

The growing financial inadequacy of many local areas is likely to lead to new developments in the way of State subsidies for certain purposes recognized as of State-wide concern. A survey of Virginia county government in 1928 showed that there were fourteen counties in that State in which "the primary functions of roads, schools, and health could not be carried out without substantial subsidies from the State." A study made the same year under the auspices of the New York State Tax Commission brought to light a similar situation with regard to many of the rural areas of that State. State subsidies have had as yet a comparatively slight development, but wherever they have been used they have been accompanied by State supervision of the function involved. Effective central supervision, in connection with the grant of subsidies or otherwise, may be regarded as nearly all that is immediately possible in the direction of the constructive enlargement of the area of administration and recognizing the paramount interest of the State. This suggestion may be justified as being in line with actual developments, which have gone far towards providing for central oversight in such fields as finance, public health, education, dependency and delinquency and various other functions now performed in the first instance by local authorities. The need for greater local economy and the increasing technical complexity of these and other services will probably acceler-

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ate this tendency in the future. Experience seems to indicate that, in comparison at least with rural localities, the State commands better administrative talent and has evolved higher standards than are likely to be found in the smaller districts.

The State may make its influence felt in still another way, more imponderable and subtle, and yet pervasive. This consists in the establishment of coöperative arrangements between local and central government. An interesting suggestion in this connection was made by the commission to investigate county and municipal taxation and expenditure in New Jersey, which reported early in 1931. The commission, which devoted a large part of its report to the problem of local areas, recommended the creation of a State bureau of municipal standards to compile data on standards and costs of local service for use by localities in budget-making; and the inauguration of "coöperative home rule" involving State contact with every local service. Both these suggestions are promising and in practice should do a good deal to reconcile the application of home rule doctrines and sound administration. Some acquaintance with the statute law of the various States gives one the impression that an advisory relationship of the sort suggested by the New Jersey commission is now possible in many States. The strengthening of such a relationship ought, without seriously disturbing local susceptibilities, to aid in raising standards and in removing many of the evils associated with extreme decentralization.

"Centralization," then, may be expected to take at least three forms: direct assumption of activities, perhaps through a regional organization of the State, a strengthening of central supervision over local officials, and the development of closer cooperation between State and local administrators, under formal statutory authority or informally through the exigencies of actual administration.

A RECENT movement of some promise in the direction of cutting down the number of areas of local administration is that towards what has been called regional government. By this term is meant the creation of a single authority for the handling of one or a few functions of interest to a group of local areas and previously managed by them individually. For example, the legislature of Connecticut in 1929 adopted for the metropolitan district of Hartford a charter which conferred upon a popularly chosen commission wide powers over highways, sewage and waste disposal, water supply and regional planning, hitherto handled by the city of Hartford and four smaller adjacent towns. It will be noted that while this law created a new area of local government it at any rate put an end to the attempt of five authorities to deal in piecemeal fashion with matters which can be managed best by a single authority. Similar authorities are the Port of New York Authority, the Metropolitan District Commission of Boston and numerous regional planning commissions now operating in various parts of the United States. Significant in the same connection is the proposal recently made in New Jersey for the division of the terri-

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tory of the State into four "regions" each having power to make and execute plans for carrying out functions in connection with water supply, sewage and waste disposal, swamp and waste reclamation, rapid transit, and the prevention of floods and steam pollution. Though not enacted, the plan presented had merit and it is perhaps safe to predict that its general principles will eventually be accepted. Such a proposal was made with the needs of New Jersey in mind and could not be made to fit conditions in other States. In urban regions, however, something of this sort offers a way out of the present intolerable conflicts of jurisdiction which have paralyzed action with regard to vital public functions.

Though it is everywhere hampered by legal and constitutional obstacles a good deal may be expected in the future in the way of consolidating cities with the counties of which they are a part. The governmental relations between city and county are of serious importance in more than a score of the larger cities of the country. In most of these cases the city contains the great bulk of the combined population, yet both areas maintain organizations more or less independent of each other. For example, of the some 800,000 people who live in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, less than 100,000 live outside of Boston; in Ramsay County, Minnesota, less than 10,000 of the population live outside of St. Paul; and in Hennepin County only about 35,000 of a total population of about 430,000 live beyond the corporate limits of Minneapolis; while in such centres as Indianapolis, Chicago, Seattle, Portland, Oregon, Kansas City, Cleveland and Columbus, from seventy-five to ninety per cent of the total county population live within the metropolitan city. To the layman, unacquainted with the subtleties of the law, it would seem a reasonable thing to create one government for the entire area in such cases. To a limited extent this has actually been done. In spite of some remaining anomalies, considerable progress has been made in Baltimore, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and Denver, and the question of consolidation is a live one in many other communities. City-county consolidation, by doing away with the duplication of services by two authorities, has meant economy, efficiency, simplification, and greater responsiveness. For closely settled areas it seems to offer a feasible method of removing some of the layers of government under which we live.

It is a general principle of the law of municipal corporations that a public corporation can not exercise authority outside its limits. Even though corporation lines may be obliterated by the growing together of two legal entities, the authority of each stops at its boundaries. Hence, in the absence of State action what is essentially a single function, such as law enforcement, water supply, or certain types of public works, must perforce be managed by as many sets of officials as there are legal corporations in the area affected. Where it is impossible or undesirable to create a regional authority, recourse is occasionally had to voluntary inter-county or inter-municipal coöperation in performing such functions. For example, in New Jersey counties have joined in building and maintaining

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bridges, and there is a considerable number of joint school districts and districts for fire fighting and street lighting. Various North Jersey municipalities have joined voluntarily in building large trunk sewer projects. If special conditions exist such schemes may be successful, but the difficulties are obvious. It is difficult to get unanimous agreement on any necessary public project and a wise plan may be frustrated by a short-sighted municipality, or by the tendency of one or more to drive a hard bargain unacceptable to the others. Moreover, since the coöperating municipalities must all be represented on the directing authority, that body is likely to be unwieldy in size and subject to frequent changes in its personnel. Allocation of the cost among the various units also gives rise to complications. Though for brief periods and under special circumstances, voluntary coöperation may succeed, it is in general much inferior to a regional plan which, while allowing local representation, operates under State supervision and is equipped with corporate powers independent of the passing whims of the component units.

A species of coöperative action between governmental units, which really has the effect of reducing the number of areas of administration, is now in use in many States under statutes permitting joint action by counties in the performance of certain functions. Under such statutes many counties are now joined in providing such services as almshouses, jails, poor farms, tuberculosis sanatoria, health service, general hospitals, orphans' homes, agricultural schools, libraries, and highways. Provision for joint action with regard to such functions is an implied recognition of the inadequacy of our traditional administrative areas. Though such statutes have not been widely used in some States, due apparently to local conservatism, they do represent an effort in the direction of finding a more economical and efficient unit and also afford a way of making a harmless concession to the sentimental desire to retain existing county lines.

THE county is frozen into our system of local government in most States by detailed and specific constitutional provisions, which are overlaid with a tangled mass of judicial decisions. In view of the difficulty of changing such provisions we must accept the county as one of our data in any scheme of reformation. It is obvious that we now have too many counties. It is equally clear that in almost every State a large proportion of the counties are small in population and poor in resources. Assuming that we shall have to begin with the county in any plan to secure a better area, current discussion centres about two possible reforms: the grouping of counties into a limited number of larger areas, and the consolidation of adjoining counties. If we could cut ourselves off from our traditions and begin anew it would be possible to divide many of our States into a small number of regions, each composed of half a dozen to a dozen counties. The savings made possible by such a plan, in eliminating a large number of officeholders and other portions of overhead cost, would be very large, to say nothing of the increased possibility of introducing

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various economies in administration not now possible in small units. But the obstacles to such a plan are enormous. The perquisites of office have been sufficient to raise up powerful opposition in legislatures largely controlled by county politicians. However, concrete suggestions of the sort have been made in Tennessee and notably in New York by Governor Smith.

Probably a safer, if slower, way to create larger units is through the gradual consolidation of existing counties. This is possible in a good many States so far as the constitution and the laws are concerned and has actually taken place in a number of instances. It is perhaps wiser on the whole to feel our way in this manner towards a more economical unit. In all probability, in any scheme of reconstruction many small counties will remain, for it will often be found that the small unit is more efficiently managed. Mere size is no guarantee of sound administration, but under most circumstances, where the county represents no natural economic area, it will probably be found both feasible and wise to consolidate adjoining counties. The method of consolidation is now receiving much consideration; it has the outstanding merit of allowing an important problem to be approached with reference to concrete local conditions rather than with preconceived notions.

The weaknesses of county government are found both in its organization and in its methods of conducting the public business. Broadly speaking, the American method of dealing with county organization has been to enact a general plan and compel its adoption by all counties regardless of needs or resources. The natural effect is to saddle small and poor counties with a governmental organization more extensive and costly than is needed. Similar difficulties in the case of cities have been partially met by granting home rule powers. The county, however, is primarily an area for the performance of State functions, and it is doubtful if it would be wise to grant it complete home rule. On the other hand it would be a real step forward to permit to counties a greater degree of freedom in choosing from amongst alternative plans submitted by the State legislature one which would most nearly fit their needs. The same result might be attained by classifying counties and providing an organization for each class. A limited degree of home rule of this sort has been attained in a few States, but legal and constitutional obstacles have often prevented sufficiently radical changes.

The chief weaknesses in the internal organization of county government are the absence of any responsible head and the use of the long ballot in the choice of county officers. County affairs are almost universally in the hands of a board, numbering from three or five to more than a score of members, depending upon the electoral system in use. If counties were genuine governmental units there would be valid arguments in favor of recognizing the representative principle by providing for board control. As a matter of fact, however, most counties are primarily administrative districts and their functions could be better performed under a system which centralized

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authority and responsibility in fewer hands. It is impossible to report much progress in this direction. A few counties now have managers and in a few others such officials as the clerk or the auditor or the engineer have developed a wide range of authority over matters outside their own departments, but plans looking towards further concentration of power have not met with much favor from those directly responsible for county organization. There are, in fact, strong legal, theoretical and practical objections to the general application of the manager idea to county government and the more probable line of development would seem to lie in the direction of centralizing larger powers over business affairs in the hands of some existing officer and using experts in the more specialized fields of administration. This is what is actually happening in many places, where such matters as purchasing, budget control, accounting and personnel are being placed by law or by local practice under the supervision of the county clerk or other officer. In other places a good deal may be accomplished by recognizing a certain primacy in one of the board of commissioners, at the same time permitting his colleagues to continue in an advisory and representative capacity.

Questions of organization will have necessarily a direct bearing upon those of efficiency. Under modern conditions the use of the long ballot in counties violates every rule of sound administration. When the voter is asked to express an opinion upon from a dozen to twenty elective officers, he is bound to do some unintelligent choosing in all but the smaller counties where he may be able to know something of the calibre of the candidates. Even though his choices were wise the continued use of the long ballot is an almost insurmountable obstacle to the creation of a good administrative machine. The responsibility of elective officers is to the law and to the electorate, and no centralized executive can be developed and no efficient business methods can be introduced where such is the case.

As long ago as 1917 a committee of the National Municipal League reported that "county government is the most backward of all our political units, the most neglected by the public, the most boss-ridden, the least efficiently organized and most corrupt and incompetent, and, by reason of constitutional complications, the most difficult to reform." A good deal of this indictment must still stand. In one respect, however, it must be modified. While twenty years ago the labyrinth of county government was known only by the professional politician, the general public is now coming into the possession of the facts. In Illinois, New York, North Carolina, New Jersey and Virginia diligent research by public commissions and individual students has produced a mass of information concerning the ways of the troglodytes. The reform movement which has wrought significant changes in State and city government is concentrating on the counties. Though difficult to get at because of the "legal refractoriness" of the problem, the county is beginning to be renovated. Changes are being brought about not so much by frontal attacks upon the whole system as by piece-

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meal reforms of vicious and inefficient practices and outworn types of organization. These may be followed through the dreary pages of the session laws and the unexciting volumes of State and local reports, but the student comes away from his dusty task with a feeling that even in the realm of the almost forgotten county "the world do move."

All things considered and taking the country as a whole, reformation of county government seems the most hopeful step in the direction of better local administration. In many cases the county will be found too small or too poor to serve as a unit for all purposes. In such cases recourse may be had to county consolidation or joint performance of functions of common interest. But the county has back of it through most of the United States such sturdy traditions that there is little hope of erasing it from the administrative map. This has been recognized to the extent of making the county in many States the unit in health and welfare work, in education, and in highway administration. About one-sixth of all counties now have full-time health officers and a considerable number are developing, in coöperation with the United States Public Health Service, satisfactory health programmes. A large number of counties now maintain libraries and hospitals and in some States they are permitted to carry out county planning projects. The county is very definitely growing rather than decreasing in its importance.

Where the county has become the recognized unit for the administration of a function such as health and sanitation, we are in a position to strike a blow at the existence of hundreds of special districts which now clutter up the map. Larger powers conferred upon county authorities should make it possible to do away with petty sewer, lighting, fire, water and sanitary districts and wipe out once for all these enclaves in our system. This should have the effect of placing these functions in more competent hands, simplifying the structure of government, and making easier the problem of popular control. As things now stand such districts have almost no place in the popular consciousness. St. Paul, to quote an English commentator, could boast that he was a citizen of no mean city, but no one is ever heard to boast of his citizenship in Sanitary District No. 3. The county is after all a unit to which people have grown accustomed and to which in many cases they are sentimentally attached. If it can somehow be made, even to a modest degree, a satisfactory area of administration, there are sound practical reasons for bending our efforts in that direction. A county government reformed along the lines which are generally being followed and subjected to reasonable supervision by the State with regard to those matters in which it acts as a State agent would, in most of the country, be an acceptable unit of local government.

About all this there is, it is to be hoped, no air of Utopian planning, no mere wishful thinking. One can only feel after studying the field as Taine felt after a lifetime devoted to modern history — that it is all very complicated. The professor and the laborer whose capabilities Jefferson

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often compared are equally incompetent to set things right by simple formula. Wisdom urges that we keep our feet on the ground and history dictates our building upon what we have. The road to good local administration is littered with the flinty boulders of an eroded past and beset by the Robin Hoods of the law. Enormous labor is needed to get over the one, and endless circumspection to outwit the other. But something can be done and some *is* being done. During the next generation we may confidently look for much successful experimentation with regional government in the neighborhood of large cities, as local boundaries lose their significance and a regional consciousness takes the place of the feeling for the neighborhood. City-county consolidation has passed beyond the experimental stage, and though it is beset by legal and constitutional difficulties, we may expect a good deal of progress here also. The answer to the suspicion of extra-metropolitan populations is likely to be found in some adaptation of the Federal principle of government to the new area. It is altogether possible that a major contribution to the breaking down of the more selfish sort of localism will be made by the progress of regional planning efforts. Success in this field will not only add to the amenities of both urban and rural life but will also subtly create a larger loyalty than that which now centres about the town pump and the village boss. The preservation of democratic control over administration in large areas is dependent upon the growth of such a new loyalty. For rural districts we may pin our faith to rehabilitated county government. Some functional reorganization will take place where existing counties are small and poor, and the share of the State in administration will increase, but the public is alive to the defects of the unregenerated county, and the demand for efficiency in technical functions is driving into limbo the old practices and the old leaders.

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The Literary Landscape

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL

It may be safely enough predicted that by the time this article is in print there will be several books under way on foreign exchange, and more especially on the gold standard, the latter a subject of the most remote and seemingly quite academic interest to the masses of population in civilized nations until recent weeks. We are at this moment definitely gold-conscious; we realize that our economic troubles can not be cured until something is done about the gold situation, until, in fact, there can be a transfusion from our bursting veins to those of more anemic nations. How did it happen that between 1913 and 1931, America's gold supply rose from a mere 23.1 per cent of the world's hoard to 42.7 per cent? Happily we do not have to wait for the books mentioned above to find out, nor to discover what is likely to happen to us and the world unless we mend our ways. James Harvey Rogers' *America Weighs Her Gold* (Yale University Press, $2.50) may be purchased in any book store, and it will furnish the ordinarily intelligent reader whose notions of economic principles are most elementary with an understandable picture of the present situation. Professor Rogers is of the opinion that everything which has come to pass might and should have been foreseen; that is to say, the turn of events which made this country and France the world's bankers did not come suddenly, but was the result of stupid policies such as our own high tariffs and the insistence of the collection of reparations impossible in size unless the nations expecting the money had used all their efforts to help Germany earn the necessary amounts.

Granting that his premises are true — the Landscaper is in no position to argue the matter — it is certainly not an edifying picture that is painted by Professor Rogers. If it were at all necessary to hunt for material to justify a pessimistic outlook upon the word's future, there would be no difficulty in discovering it in *America Weighs Her Gold*. The underlying truth is that the great nations of the world have acted as if there were no such things as economic principles; they have done very little to give any one confidence in their ability to preserve the complicated financial

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structure of the modern world. But this is borrowing trouble, and there ought to be sufficient on hand for everybody just now without looking too far into the future. The point is that Professor Rogers has written a clear and simple book that should help the orientation of a large number of people. There seems little enough hope that we shall find a way out of the depression until the whole question of foreign trade is threshed out, unless we are going back to what they are calling "pot-licker prosperity" down in Arkansas. One hears that old smokehouses that had been converted into garages have become smokehouses again, and that the pungent smell of hickory smoke has taken the place of gasoline fumes, while the completely moneyless farmers have nothing to eat except fried chicken, home-cured meats, every kind of vegetable, cornbread and preserves, and nothing to drink except fresh buttermilk and corn liquor . . . There is very little reason for these people to read Professor Rogers' book.

Trouble in the East

One suspects, too, that before long we shall have a flood of books on the Sino-Japanese question, at this moment the one disturbing factor in the field of world politics, since virtually all other countries are feeling too poverty-stricken to rattle the sabre, and certainly too poor to undertake to seize large chunks of their neighbors' territory. Like the question of the gold supply, the Manchurian problem is not at all new; in fact, Manchuria has been marked as a danger spot on the map of every good internationalist for several years at least. Just now, the only book on China at hand is Thomas F. Millard's excellent *The End of Extra-Territoriality in China*, published by the A. B. C. Press in Shanghai. The Chinese made a long stride toward freedom when they rid themselves of extra-territoriality, foisted upon them so cold-bloodedly by the civilized nations, the majority of whom were sending in missionaries at the same time. But on the larger question of world peace, there are two good books — good in the sense of being intelligently written, but without any very new suggestions to offer for keeping nations from each other's throats — and out of each other's pockets. *They That Take the Sword* by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford (Morrow, $4) is an earnest and comprehensive study of war and what can be done to prevent it. The author has written *Those Earnest Victorians* and *A History of British Civilization;* these titles are mentioned as an earnest of his importance. He is not just another pacifist, writing wistfully about the blessings of peace. *Goose Steps to Peace* by Jonathan Mitchell (Little, Brown, $2.50) is a newspaper correspondent's look at the world today and a discussion of the sore spots, including Manchuria. He believes there are sufficient peace-loving Americans to force their President to lead the world into ways of peace. The Landscaper is frankly doubtful that this is the case. The Manchurian question will serve as an interesting test of our power in this regard, however. What shall we do if the Japanese do not surrender the territory they covet? Will the mobilization of world-

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opinion be sufficient to keep a great nation from going ahead with the realization of its "manifest destiny"? If so, it will be the first major victory for moral pressure and a new chapter of history will be started. But whether one agrees with Mr. Mitchell or not he has written a well-informed and timely book.

This Country and That

LAST month the Landscaper wrote with somewhat unrestrained enthusiasm of Stuart Chase's book on Mexico, which he still considers an unusually readable volume. But pondering the whole question of this comparison of cultures — and the train of thought was set in motion by reading Simeon Strunsky's delightful *The Rediscovery of Jones: Studies in the Obvious* (Little, Brown, $2) — there came the belief that fairness in such comparisons was of all things the most difficult to attain. While all this heavy thinking was going on, an English friend arrived from London on a bright October day, blue sky, clear air, and hot sun . . . After three days of holiday-making, he announced that he would rather live in New York than any city in the world, and he knows most of them from Leningrad to Melbourne. Then he went with the Landscaper on another day of the same general variety for a tour of the New England countryside, and wondered audibly and repeatedly why we Americans came to Europe to find peace and beauty and dignity, or whatever else it was we said we were seeking. Remembering that a brilliant young Spanish architect had nearly leaped from a speeding automobile when all the calm loveliness of Ridgefield, Connecticut, suddenly burst upon him, and that he had sworn he was going straight home to build a New England cottage on the Bay of Biscay, the Landscaper decided, with all this help, that there could be no detached judgment of a country, or a people. Of course, the catch in Mr. Chase's book, which glorifies a handicraft civilization, is that Mr. Chase saw this civilization from the outside, and probably did not discover its disadvantages. Even in the Landscaper's terrestrial paradise of Mallorca, a contractor who seemed to have everything any one could want, including a job of work that would last him two years — building one story on a small building — complained that he could not keep his wife away from the movies . . .

An American Named Jones

MR. STRUNSKY'S book is about an average American by the name of Jones, who is not anything like so bad a fellow as the Lewises and the Menckens have been trying to make us believe, or, at least, so says Mr. Strunsky. This reader is not fully convinced by Mr. Strunsky that all is well with Jones, but there is no doubt that as a counter-blast to much of the stupid criticism of this country and its civilization that has filled magazines and books for the past decade, his book is worthy of the attention of all thinking Americans. The book is done with skill and subtlety, and is filled with the right kind of spoofing of the intelligentsia. Flag-waving, except by real estate men and politicians, is so rare in this country that we should all enjoy the

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spectacle, although, as has been indicated, there remains a chance that Mr. Strunsky is over-enthusiastic about Jones. Of course when he resorts to the *tu quoque* argument, as he does frequently, the Landscaper is right with him; that is to say, when he replies to the charge that American tourists are awful, so are English tourists and French tourists and German tourists, there is nothing to do but cheer. One wonders which tourists are really the most awful . . . This observer would divide the prize between the Germans and the English.

A well-tempered and reasonable book on the other side of the question — that is, a criticism of this country and what it seems to stand for — is *Reflections of a Resident Ex-Patriate* by Gerald Chittenden (Longmans, Green, $1.50). Mr. Chittenden is an American who prefers to live in France, and to call himself "non-competitive." There is the farthest gap imaginable between his judicial manner and the ordinary attitude of the smart young things who find life in all its richness and freedom at the Café du Dôme; Mr. Strunsky might not agree with him at all, but the Landscaper is willing to wager he could read Mr. Chittenden's book without any more than a desire to debate the questions raised, knowing that the debate would be conducted in a gentlemanly fashion.

More About Our Past

One of the most characteristic current trends in American literature, often mentioned here, is the astonishing number and variety of books now being written and published on the early days of this country, particularly of the West. Having come very definitely to the end of our frontiers, we are now setting about the study of the period when we suddenly shot across a continent, coming bang up against the Pacific before we had stopped, and evolving a civilization — a culture, the sociologists would call it — that has left its stamp still strong on the nation. An excellent example of this type of book is *Forty Niners* by Archer Butler Hulbert (Little, Brown-The Atlantic Monthly Press, $3.50), awarded a prize of $5,000 by the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is the full and comprehensive chronicle of the California trail, with many illustrations, including a wealth of contemporary cartoons. *The Early Far West* by W. J. Ghent (Longmans, Green, $3.50), a recognized authority in the field, tells the story of Western America from the first Spaniard to the admission of California into the Union in 1850.

Then there is *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, which we shall borrow from the biography shelf, because its background is so well done and so characteristic of the old West. Stuart N. Lake is the author of this excellent book, which is published by Houghton Mifflin at $3.50. Dodge City, Deadwood, and Tombstone are three of the places that appear in it most often. Earp himself was a magnificent figure of a frontier American. He could have and would have with pleasure licked a whole city full of modern gangsters; look at his face when he was past eighty, and then turn to the countenance of Mr. Capone. Whither are we drifting?

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Our Brown Brothers

AN UNUSUALLY interesting volume on a contemporary American problem is Edwin R. Embree's *Brown America* (Viking Press, $2.50), which deals with the Negroes of this country, of whom there are some twelve millions at present. It is Mr. Embree's theory that a new race is being evolved in this country, with mixed African, Indian, and white blood, and that it will eventually find a satisfactory place in our midst. Mr. Embree is executive secretary of the Julius Rosenwald Fund, and in a position therefore to know something of his subject. His book is also a plea for racial tolerance, and contains much heartening information about improved relations between the races, especially in the South, where economic considerations have had much to do in the past few years with helping the status of the Negro. The American Negro is a person of mixed blood, even when he is black, as Mr. Embree points out, since slaves from different tribes in Africa began to mix as soon as they reached these shores, something they would never have done at home.

The American section of the Landscape can not be closed without at least a mention of the fact that there is now available a one-volume edition of Lincoln Steffens *Autobiography* at $3.75. Harcourt, Brace are the publishers of this truly remarkable book.

Plenty of Fiction, as Ever

THERE are just as many novels around as usual this month, and a good many that in ordinary times would warrant buying. Suppose we start with a few of the important and significant ones, and let the marginal choices take their natural place at the end of the procession. Evelyn Scott's very long two-volume work, *A Calendar of Sin* (Cape and Smith, $5), deserves a place well toward the top of the list. Its length has kept the Landscaper from reading every page but the sampling indicates that it is a much more closely integrated piece of work than *The Wave*, and that in telling of the loves of many people against the shifting backgrounds of various periods and places in our history, Mrs. Scott has written a novel of real importance. Important, too, and a safe recommendation because of its solid qualities, is Knut Hamsun's *August* (Coward-McCann, $3), a long novel that follows *Vagabonds*, from which August will undoubtedly be remembered. The new book tells of August's return to the little Norwegian village of Polden, which he promptly tries to develop into a modern industrial town, and in which he has many adventures. Merle Colby's *All Ye People* (Viking Press, $2.50) is perhaps less a novel than an antiquarian's catalogue, but it is a solid piece of work, done with great care and thoroughness, and presenting an endless number of pictures of life in the West during pioneer times. It will stand up to re-reading. Then there is a re-issue of Geoffrey Dennis's admirable novel of several seasons past, *Mary Lee*, which Simon and Schuster have brought out with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman at $2.50, and which really ought to be read in case you have missed it before, and most people have. In its two trials for American favor, it has found few friends, although those it has made

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have been staunch. Dennis is a striking example of a writer the excellence of whose work and whose rewards bear no relation to each other.

Other Good Novels

VERY nearly in this first class are such brilliant books as Arnot Robertson's *Four Frightened People* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), the third novel by a young woman whose work has been consistently good thus far. She has set this book in the Malay jungle, and placed her characters in a situation designed to bring out the best and the worst. She is hard-boiled, but unfailingly intelligent, and readers who are pleased rather than otherwise to find sentiment missing from their fiction will like this book. At the other pole, but a good, sound piece of work, and one of the best of all the war-novels, is *Katrin Becomes a Soldier* by Adrienne Thomas (Little, Brown, $2.50), which is the story of five years of war-time in the life of a girl of Alsace, a book of rare tenderness and understanding. For those who enjoy novels of English country life, especially the really well-done ones, there is Ruth Manning-Sanders' *The Growing Trees* (Morrow, $2.50), Mrs. Manning-Sanders having already presented us with *The Crochet Woman*. Her new book is primarily a novel of the tragi-comedy of young love; it has beauty of style and plenty of quiet wisdom.

Perhaps the next piece of fiction deserved a place among the sure-things, although the three books reserved for that honor will stand more than one reading, while this one will not. Katherine Brush's *Red-Headed Woman* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2) is the book in question, at this moment established as a nation-wide best-seller, and likely to find readers reaching into the hundreds of thousands. It is the story of the rise of a beautiful woman, who uses her good looks to help her up the ladder, a cold-blooded hussy, portrayed relentlessly by the clever Miss Brush. It is pretty nearly sure-fire stuff, but not quite, because here and there a reader who knows his way about will mind the slickness of Miss Brush's technique, and will realize that there is an artistic gap many miles wide between the best of her short stories and her novels. She undeniably has her qualities, but they are not the qualities of a writer of fiction that will live beyond the moment. Miss Brush deserves a bow, however, for refraining from calling her novel *Red-Headed Virgin*. This is, as the Landscaper has observed before, the Year of the Virgin in American fiction, in titles, at least.

This One Cost a Job

THERE are a number of "regional novels" on hand that merit mention, one of them having caused its author to lose his job at Louisiana State University. This is *Cane Juice* by John Earle Uhler (Century, $2.50), a novel of a Louisiana lad from the Cajun country and his adventures at the State University, and of his eventual success as the hero of the revived sugar industry. Perhaps Professor Uhler forgot that George Washington Cable was exiled from Louisiana for what he once wrote about the Creoles; apparently the State is still not in a mood for criticism, although outsiders will be hard put to it to understand the

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agitation. Outsiders usually have very little appreciation of these fine points of local pride. *Cane Juice* is, on several counts, a readable novel, and the university might have had cause in time to be proud of its author. *Some Go Up* by Samuel Tupper, Jr. (McBride, $2.50) is another novel of the Southern scene, in which the reader follows the fortunes of two families, one on its way up, the other down. A bank crash plays an important part. We shall have more novels of bank crashes; what Wall Street calls "ironing out the weak spots in the banking system" is packed chock-full of drama, as any one knows who has been in a small town when the fatal notice appeared on the doors of some trusted institution and watched its effects in terms of human life. Perhaps Will James' new book belongs with these novels, but no matter where one puts *Big Enough* (Scribner, $2.50), which is the story of a boy and a horse who grew up together, with illustrations by the author, it is a rattling good yarn. Mr. James can draw a bronc as well as ever, if not better than ever, and he has done a fine story of the vanishing West as well.

More Good Fiction

Two other recent novels that are worth reading are a recent Book League choice, R. E. Spencer's *The Lady Who Came to Stay* (Knopf, $2.50), and *Ice in Egypt* by A. M. MacCrindle (Morrow, $2.50). The first is a first novel, and the tale of the deathless antagonism among four sisters, their visitor — The Lady Who Came to Stay — and her daughter, a child of unusual beauty, whose lover figures later. This is the revelation of a fine talent. *Ice in Egypt* is a story of every-day life in Egypt, color, smells, humor, and all, a novel that is sure to appeal to those who have a liking for life in far-away places. Two volumes of short stories need to be mentioned before we pass on to more serious matters. These are William Faulkner's *These Thirteen* (Cape and Smith, $2.50), the first collection of shorter pieces by this talented young novelist; and Donald Corley's *The Haunted Jester* (McBride, $2.50). Mr. Faulkner is very nearly as good a short story writer as he is a novelist, and while not everything in this volume is first-rate, his admirers will find much to be happy over. Mr. Corley writes delicate fantasy about the people of many lands in rarely beautiful prose, and at his best is very good indeed. There are some jewels in this collection.

One of the Indispensables

Probably all literate Americans have heard by this time of *Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence* (Putnam, $5), a collection of letters exchanged by these two famous people a good many years ago, so that there is little for the Landscaper to do except to say that this is one of the indispensable volumes of the current year's literary production. Mr. Shaw has provided a preface, and there are upward of two hundred letters from each of the two correspondents, who were very much in love with each other over a period of twenty-five years. Whatever gaps occur between the letters have been carefully bridged either by Mr. Shaw or by Miss Christopher St.

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John, who edited the correspondence, and who collaborated on the Terry memoirs published as *The Story of My Life*. The Landscaper's high opinion of this volume has very little to do with its purely sensational elements; the letters themselves have intrinsic value, and ought to give pleasure through many readings.

Biography offers its usual riches this month, and while there are somewhat fewer lives of the famous being published at present than was the case a year or two ago, the quality, by the same token, seems to be higher. André Maurois' *Lyautey* (Appleton, $3.50) is the remarkable story of the builder of the French Colonial Empire, written by a man whose skill as a biographer needs no comment. Maurois calls Lyautey "the last of the great builders of Empire," which is a striking characterization of a most unusual man. His lengthened shadow was over the Colonial Exposition in Paris this year, an impressive show, the international significance of which one could hardly overlook.

Lives of Literary Men

ANOTHER fine biography is *A Season in Hell*, Jean Marie Carré's life story of the poet Rimbaud (Macaulay, $3). Rimbaud will never cease to fascinate people; the story in the barest outline is interesting. At nineteen Rimbaud's work as a poet was done, and he never wrote again. His friendship with Verlaine, his adventures in Africa, and the sadness of his death all make dramatic reading. There are available also *Temperamental Jane* by Grove Wilson (Washburn, $2.50), a life of Jane Carlyle, about whom the Landscaper never tires reading, having fallen in love with her through her letters a number of years ago; *Gustavus Adolphus: The Lion of the North* by Lieut-General Sir George MacMunn (McBride, $3.50), a solid piece of work about the savior of Protestanism, and *The Life of Dostoevsky* by E. H. Carr (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), with a preface by Prince D. S. Mirsky, who points out the decline of interest in the subject, and pays tribute to the author for taking advantage of the new material that has come to light since the earlier lives of the great novelist were written. The life itself is full of dramatic material, and Mr. Carr's book seems likely to stand as definitive for years to come. Interesting as an example of contemporary Spanish writing is *Mirror of a Mage* by Vicente Huidoboro (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), a tale of Cagliostro, done in a technique that owes much to the movies, too much, perhaps. Señor Huidobro has also written the story of the Cid in *Portrait of a Paladin*.

This hurried survey of a few of the important current biographies leaves only a small amount of space for a few more books that deserve reading. One of these is a delightful little volume from England called *The Perfect Hostess*, by Rose Henniker Heaton (Dutton, $2.50), and another *Psychology: Science or Superstition* by Dr. Grace Adams (Covici-Friede, $2.50), an intelligent survey of the -isms of recent years against an historical background, during the making of which the author keeps a straight face except for an occasional breakdown. This in itself is certainly a feat, considering the subject.

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

Americans began by taking Cuba seriously. That was back in '98. To the men in the Army, eager for action, she stood for weary waiting, hard-tack, the wrestling with thousands of cantankerous mules, yellow fever and mosquitos, with the faint hope of a dash of glory. But when we sloughed her off our hands and gave her her head, we began to see that we had reckoned her all wrong. She was not meant to be taken seriously, but gaily, frivolously, if you will. Americans have developed an abiding affection for her ever since that discovery. She is the perfect antidote to our hard-working complex, and thousands upon thousands of us go down there every year just to have a good time. And Cuba knows how to give it. She has become the hostess *par excellence* of the sunny Caribbean and already this year no less than ninety special winter cruises have arranged to pay her their respects, with many others to follow.

Cuba in Festive Mood

Havana, of course, is the centre of attraction. Not only will her season of winter horse racing open at Oriental Park on December 19th with many thousands for stakes, but the Gran Casino Nacional, Havana's superlative gambling and supper club, will throw wide its doors on the same momentous date. Later in the season the craft of American yachtsmen will find congenial berth in the safety of Havana's blue harbor for the opening of the annual International Star Class Sailing Championships, and the Cuban Motor Boat Regatta. At one time severe customs and harbor regulations rather held boating enthusiasts at arm's length, but this year, through a proposed special new ruling, these will be much modified, and many more pleasure craft will sail guilelessly in beneath the shadows of Morro Castle and the Cabana, once the despair of pirates. In fact, special dispensations in favor of the American tourist, who it has been recently estimated spends seventy-five million dollars annually in Cuba and Mexico, seem to hold good along all sorts of lines this year. Even the golfer, who for so many seasons has faced the impracticability of joining the exclusive Cuban clubs for a short stay and found no municipal or public courses at his command and had to forgo his pleasures in consequence, is to be rescued from his despond, and through the good offices of Mayor Tirso Mesa is, if he be an accredited member of an American golf or country club, to be given membership in the exclusive Havana-Biltmore Yacht and Country Club for the duration of his stay. And what a different aspect this puts on the face of the situation for the American golfer, for the course at the Havana-Biltmore is one for any man to try his metal on.

Along the New Cuban Motor Highway

But this year Havana is not going to have everything her own way. Charming though she be, this spoiled beauty is in for quite a bit of competition, for, after all, there is lots more of this lovely isle of the sea than simply Havana, and the new million-dollar Cuban Central Highway is disclosing new vistas of its beauty, fresh, appealing, and even more Spanish than we dared hope. This shining new road runs for 850 miles from one end of the island to the other, and affords the motorist opportunity for a more intimate acquaintance with Cuba.

Matanzas, Santa Clara, Cienfuegos, Camaguey, and Santiago de Cuba, will all be changed from mere names on an always fascinating island map, to enchanting actualities pulsating with life, tropical color, and distinctive character. A visit to some of the vast sugar plantations along the road, and to the sugar centrals or factories, such, perhaps, as the Ingenio de Toledo which has a large yearly output, might bring this in-

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dustry into clearer focus, and lift it from a stock market illusion to the vigor of actual reality. Tobacco fields, groves of pineapple, palms and clumps of silvery bamboo lend a soft beauty to the landscape throughout the countryside and reveal an entirely new Cuba, a Cuba barely imagined in the sophisticated life at Havana. These cities along the highway are rural in character, but none the less they have splendid hotels where you may put up with entire satisfaction and comfort, for, though it may have been the American régime under the late General Leonard Wood which first started the regeneration of Cuba along sanitary lines, the Cubans themselves have forwarded the idea with untiring energy, and her hotels are among the finest and most luxurious in the world.

Cuba's Sugar Bowl

MATANZAS, more genuinely Cuban than Havana itself, lies in the basin of the Yumuri River, a rich sugar-growing region, and divides its fame between its daiquiri cocktails and its astonishingly beautiful situation. Two rivers busily keep it divided into three sections, the oldest part of the city and that most cherished by the lover of scenes of other days, being hemmed in between the two streams as though more fondly to protect its rich Moorish beauty. Motoring on about two miles southeast of Matanzas you will come upon the Bellamar Caves, which you may enter through their narrow opening and be dazzled as have been those before you, by the glistening "Gothic Temple," a chamber fully two hundred feet in length.

In Dreamy Camaguey

SANTA CLARA and Cienfuegos have their many attractions, but when you reach Camaguey you will be seized with that peculiarly Spanish notion of *mañana, mañana*, for you will ardently wish to linger in this engaging old Cuban city that once bore the name of Santa Maria de Puerta Principe, and someway, in spite of its modern hotels and surroundings still manages to wear the air of living in the days of the haughty Spanish monarchy. Founded in 1515, it clings to its many ancient buildings and cherishes with tender sentiment its delicate wrought iron balconies.

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An Old-fashioned Christmas

At Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Christmas is celebrated with a fine old spirit of good-will and good-cheer. There are carols . . . wreaths of holly . . . Christmas trees . . . stockings stuffed with surprises for the children . . . a plump family turkey for dinner. All the joys of the old-fashioned Christmas — without the long hours of work and preparation.

Bring the children and spend a happy holiday week — surrounded by the hospitable warmth of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. This is a grand place for overgrown grown-up families too. There are indoor recreations. There's the gaily decorated boardwalk. The bracing ocean air.

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ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

Echoes of 1898

SANTIAGO for us all is reminiscent of things more martial. It will always smack of Hobson and the Merrimac, of Roosevelt and of Shafter. On its outskirts you will pass the "Surrender Tree," an old ceiba or "silk cotton," where the unconditional surrender of Santiago was made to General Shafter, and if these warlike scenes stir you, further on you will find San Juan Hill still gleaming in the tropic sun, its summit crowned by a simple shell-topped column "in memory of the officers and men of the United States Army who were killed in the assault and capture of this ridge." A more tender sentiment will take you to the old Filarmonia Theatre near the Plaza in Santiago where Adelina Patti made her childhood début.

How About California?

CALIFORNIANS have been telling the world about California so long and so glowingly that it would seem the world at large has at last become quite convinced that they are right. Ernest Elmo Calkins has written: "You may deplore the Californian's attitude; you may think that he boasts too much, that he talks like a prospectus; but you must admit that he has the goods." At least one never hears any successful arguments advanced against this opinion, and more and more the world is visiting California each year, particularly in the winter.

It is not exactly easy to pin people down to a single reason for their enjoyment of California, and if you ask a dozen people you will receive as many answers, but many of them will mention the gentle climate, the lingering romance of the ancient Spanish Missions, Death Valley under the winter sun or the stars, the Butterfly Farm, the contrast of mountain and desert, the profuse loveliness of the flowers, or perhaps the movies and their masters.

Which Way Shall We Go?

OTHERS find their delight in California beginning long before they reach there, in the many different ways available to them for arriving at this promised land and in the vast variety of country and scene through which they must necessarily travel. Three

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fine trans-continental railways serve Southern California; trans-continental motor stages rumble tirelessly across desert, mountain and plain on regular schedules, often taking you entirely off the beaten track of the steel rail giants; two airlines land their passengers lightly every day, without flurry, in the great airports this lavish land has prepared; you may speed over splendid, low-altitude motor highways via the sunny southern route that skirts the Mexican border or the Grand Canyon region in your own car, if you will; or travel by sea from the Atlantic ports through the summer seas and the Panama Canal. Could you be greedy enough to ask for other modes of travel? Besides, you can always arrange to go one way and return home the other thus allowing yourself a variety both from the standpoint of scenery and conveyance, which undoubtedly adds to the pleasure of any trip. Let this, then, be part of your California adventure.

History Hides in Her Names

CALIFORNIA did not really become American territory until 1847, only a short eighty-four years ago, and, as she had been Mexican and Spanish before that, we may still trace beneath her placid American exterior much of the warmth and color of her early ancestry. Adventurous Yankees, many of them drawn into the vortex of the gold rush, who married Spanish-speaking wives, proudly carried the prefix "Don" before their names, and Temple Street in Los Angeles was in reality named for Don Juan Temple, which is ever so much more entertaining to think about than plain Temple Street. Many of the street names in Los Angeles, such as Pico, Figueroa, and Verdugo, were once borne by real people, these being among the 315 who in 1800 constituted the entire population of that enterprising city. In the San Fernando Mission, north of Los Angeles, you may still find marks of one of the wealthiest of all the old Spanish Missions, while if you journey south, along El Camino Real, the King's highway laid out more than a century and a half ago by patient Spanish Padres, you will come upon the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, so easily peopled in imagination by brown cassocked priests and helmeted Spanish soldiers, as, side by side, each in their own peculiar way, they carved the foundations of a new empire. Or you may just feel like strolling in the sunshine through Olvera Street, the very oldest in Los Angeles, and dining in true Spanish fashion in one of its many restaurants.

A Zig-Zag Trail South

NOT far away is El Monte, the end of the old Santa Fe Trail, and after a visit

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there the wonders of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles, with its valuable collection of Indian relics, seem to take on a new and freshened meaning. Going on further south, past the fantastic cliffs of La Jolla, you will reach San Diego and doubtless thoroughly enjoy the beauty of its curving harbor and the amethyst witchery of its mountains. Then, turning inland, through groves of orange trees and beneath the waving tracery of softly pinkish pepper trees, you will pass snow-capped San Jacinto and steal into the desert. Time was when coming to a desert place was looked on as a calamity rather than an enchanting prospect, but even the desert here in California wears a new aspect. We have discovered many of the secrets of these great stretches of arid land — their painted mesas, palm-lined canyons where the sound of rippling water comes sweet to the ear, strange date gardens, the stillness of a lilac sunset, and the mystery of desert nights.

Into Those Bewitching Desert Resorts

OUTSTANDING among these desert resorts, and they are popular and many, is Death Valley with its metropolitan hotel, Furnace Creek Inn. In 1850 this desert strip meant death to adventurous gold seekers— today it spells revivified life. That many tastes may be satisfied, Palm Springs, with its group of fine hotels, on the western rim of what is known as the Colorado Desert of California, provides smaller hotel accommodations and even apartments. If you are fortunate and arrive here in time for the opening of the desert season in November, you will be able to witness the annual Desert Play.

California Has Her Winter Sports

THOUGH loath to leave, you will nevertheless push on down to San Bernardino — the gateway to Arrowhead Lake and the Big Bear resorts in the San Bernardino mountains, where for the sake of contrast, you will throw yourself with just as much enthusiasm as you had for desert ways, into the very midst of the winter sports that carry on here all through the winter season. Between times, you will find opportunity to take that drive over the highway between these two lakes, that road familiarly known as "the Rim of the Word Drive," from which you glimpse on one side the purple desert, and on the other vivid green valleys splashed with orange, while shimmering below is the distant sapphire sea.

Where We Get Our Flower Seeds

PASADENA with its "Rose Bowl," scene year after year of the New Year's Day East-West Football Classic, is a necessary stop on any Californian visit and near by at San Marino is the Henry E. Huntington Estate where are to be seen the famous Gutenberg Bible and so many renowned paintings. These will of course be on your itinerary, before you carry on to Santa Barbara and reconstruct for yourself even more of the romance of California's early history. Flowers may impress you here as they never have before, and if you skirt the coast for a few miles farther north you will come upon such a profusion of blossoms as you could scarcely dream of in a single spot. This is at Santa Maria, and at Guadalupe and Lompoc also, for in these valleys are grown sixty per cent of our nation's flower seeds. With the vision of these waving fields of flowers in mind, it is not surprising that those who find inspiration and relaxation in the wonders of nature return year after year with affectionate anticipation to California.

Nassau Looms on the Horizon

WHEN the leaden skies of winter begin to lift, about two days out from New York, and the long gray rollers of the Atlantic which have been sending our ship to the South with ceaseless regularity, suddenly change their color and assume the magnificence of deep-dyed peacock blue, then you may know that you are nearing the shore of an enchanting little island — Nassau. There she sits, quite casual about our coming as only an English bred-island could be. But though she turns this unruffled gaze to the world and to strangers who approach her from the sea, once you set foot on her coral beach, she seems to come to life astonishingly, and before you know where you are, you have been swept off to an English tea party — high tea, perhaps — at Government House, or if you are fortunate, to a

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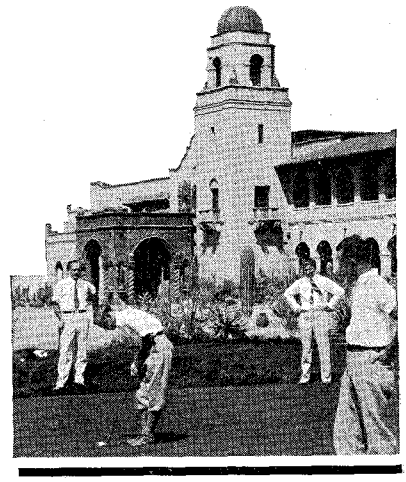
ball on some starry sweet-scented night, and you begin at once to feel at home, to know everybody and find out just what English hospitality can mean — how delightful and altogether whole-hearted it really is. You begin to understand Nassau, and say to yourself what hundreds of Americans have said before you, "This is just the spot I've been looking for, and if I don't find myself down here next winter and the winter after, I shall know the reason why."

Cruising the Caribbean

Some one has said, and many travelers have discovered, that if you can not take a world cruise, and still hanker after making friends with almost as many nationalities as the world affords, the next best thing is to decide on making a cruise of the West Indies. It does not begin to take you away from home for such a long time, and when all is said and done, it offers a tremendous amount of national variety. Spain, of course, obligingly discovered these islands for us, and the French, English, Danes and Dutch immediately set about seeing if there was room enough on these little bits of land to establish their worlds, and here and there established footholds which, through thick and thin, they have clung to. Most of the islands have changed hands many times, but Jamaica, which was conquered by an expedition sent out at the behest of Oliver Cromwell in 1635, has the pleasant distinction of remaining stanchly all these years under the beloved folds of the Union Jack. East Indians and Chinese were introduced and have multiplied in vast numbers, spreading from island to island, and lending their share of picturesque interest to the scene. If you would like, you may even visit a real Hindu Temple on this cruise of the Caribbean.

Nassau, being so pleasantly and conveniently at hand near us, tempts us always to linger. She has so many things about her that appeal, from her splendid hotels to her charming little pink and white coral built houses, and even to the remains of old Blackbeard's tower. Someway the sailing in her waters is swifter, the sand a bit softer, the moonlight a shade more silvery on her sea-washed shores, and those who would hold fast a jewel cling to Nassau, and keep their secret.

Going away THIS WINTER?



consider Tucson, Arizona

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EL CONQUISTADOR HOTEL

TUCSON UNITED HOTELS ARIZONA

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(*Continued from page VII*)

Gold

AN EXTRAORDINARY example of the rapidity with which the economic scene shifts is the fact that but three months ago we were worried by our mounting oversupply of gold, whereas now we are worried by the drain on our gold supply. In spite of the large sounding figures of gold exported and earmarked during those panicky weeks of early October, when Continental bookmakers were busily selling the dollar short, our gold supply has not reached the point where it is necessary to discuss the possibility of our abandoning the gold standard, so it would be idle to consider what effects this move might have.

The great quantity of gold and gold notes hoarded in this country is, however, a matter of serious proportions. In this connection, it seems to me that the Federal Reserve's easy money policy was a serious blunder, since it completely failed in its avowed purpose — to stimulate business — but at the same time discouraged depositors from leaving their money in the banks since the return on deposits was so meagre. It is to be hoped that the higher interest rates on time and call deposits will stimulate a return of funds to the banks. Nothing very much can be hoped for in this direction now, until there is a real return of confidence.

Politics

CONGRESS will be in session again all too soon. I believe that bills will be introduced at an early date dealing with two very important and entirely different subjects: beer, and short selling.

Referring to the latter, every Congressman should be (and probably will be) given a copy of Mr. Richard Whitney's excellent address before the Hartford Chamber of Commerce. Everyone who has had anything to do with security transactions knows that short selling does not cause bear markets but, on the contrary, is the greatest alleviator of panics. Any further governmental interference in the conduct of our stock exchanges would have nothing but ill effects.

A redetermination of the degree of alcoholic content pronounced intoxicating is a distinct possibility at the forthcoming Congressional session. Actually such a change would not have so very much effect on employment, grain prices, or the earnings of important corporations. But its psychological effect would be widespread and extremely beneficial, a stimulant to general confidence.

The results of the off-year elections were about as expected. During the final year of Mr. Hoover's present term, he is going to be handicapped by a hostile Congress, besides a hostile community generally. But if business recovers to something like normal, his reëlection is assured; if not, defeat is almost as certain.

At the moment, I should say that Newton Baker is the strongest candidate for the Democratic nomination. He is in a position to carry the South (once again solidified), the remaining admirers of Wilson and the League of Nations, and the wet industrial centres of the East. I learn from a usually well informed source that his backers have engaged one of the most successful publicity men in the country.

England

THE sweeping victory of the National Party in England, news of which appeared on the same day as the disappointing third quarter report of the U. S. Steel Corporation, was interpreted bearishly by our stock market.

The reason for this apparently illogical behavior was the fear that the new powerful Government party will erect tariff barriers against United States exports. I am told on good authority, however, that such fears are overrated and that the new Government is not in favor of a stringent tariff. On the other hand, the sweeping victory means that England is practically assured of a stable Government for at least three years, a fact of great constructive significance.

Conclusion

DURING the last month the English elections, Premier Laval's visit to the United States, and the Interstate Commerce Commission's decision, all helped pave the way for improvement, which so far has been shown only in the commodity markets. If this improvement holds or continues, the other markets are sure to follow.

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